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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

"THE PENSION QUESTION."

SEE ARTICLE ON FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What is fame?
'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
Speeding brightly eye it flies;
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered though the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
If but only in the air
May be heard the eager mention of their name,
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?
'Tis a rainbow still receding
As the panting fool pursues;
Or a toy that youth unheeding,
Seeks the readier way to lose;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base;
He but holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes some men will dare
But to gain their slender share
In some profit, though with loss of name or health,
In some plunder, spent on vices or by stealth.

What is life?
'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For a life that's but begun;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won;
'Tis the hour when love may burgeon
To the everlasting flower;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To deity immortal dower.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife,
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death?
Past its dark and mysterious portal
Human eyes may never roam;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
Oh, the bliss that lies before us
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast angelic chorus
Sounds the hymn before the throne.
What is fame, or wealth, or life?
Past are pastes, fame, pelf, and strife;
All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,
When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

—[The Academy.

CUPID'S PROTEST.

The world is whirling madly,
Receptions, balls and teas,
And invitations flutter
Like leaves upon the breeze.
One meets the dear Four Hundred
At every turn, maybe,
But still there's one fact missing—
Young Cupid: where is he?

The debutantes so lovely,
In gauzy gowns of white,
Behind a wealth of roses,
Are nearly hid from sight.
Mammas in richest raiment
Preside with beaming smile
Amid their budding beauties;
Where's Cupid all this while?

Alone, within a corner,
With wings a-drooping low;
His arrows lie unheeded,
Unstrung his crafty bow—
"I'm sadly out of fashion;
'Tis very plain to see,
To-day that men and maidens
Have very little need of me.

"When two sit on a stairway
I stealthily draw near—
A mystic browning murmur
Falls on my lightning ear;
And where, with dim-lit fragrance,
Conservatories lure,
And fountains play, they whisper
The tenets of mind-cure!

"Strange that those hearts so tender
Can all my arts withstand
Amid the stratin expressive
Of that Hungarian band!
While Klunder's richest roses
Shed fragrance everywhere—
But, oh, the bliss of stealing
One sweet flower from her hair!

"Oh, debutantes so charming,
Who wield a mighty power,
Come, let these fads be banished,
Talk nonsense by the hour;
Give Cupid kindly welcome,
For still he waits to show
To modern men and maidens
The love of long ago."

—[Ada Stewart Shelton in Harper's Bazar.

Our Story Teller.

A FAMOUS PASTEL.

From the French of Victor Tissot.

Although a thick snow was falling, there was no lack of animation in the streets of Dresden. A crowd of soldiers on foot and mounted thronged the open plazas. Gilded court carriages moved cumbrously, impeded by the wet snow. Squads of cavalry, booted and furred, dashed through the town on their way to the outposts, their horses' hoofs clattering against the frozen ground.

Sentinels, wearing the uniform of the Prussian army, paced before the royal palace, and from lace-draped windows peeped out the blonde heads and rosy faces of young girls, who scented flirtations and adventures in the electrical excitement pulsating in the air.

Frederick II. had peacefully invaded Dresden after the bloodless battle of Pirna, and the inhabitants, who had been left unmolested, were awaiting the result of the arbitrations between their own monarch, Augustus the Strong, and this stern young Prussian king.

In the face of a foreign invasion and the presence of strangers who spoke their own tongue and were almost of their own blood, the Dresdeners had lost nothing of their accustomed gaiety. In the drawing rooms they danced and sang, in the restaurants they ate and drank, and days and nights flew swiftly.

But nowhere did conquered and conquerors meet on such terms of perfect good-fellowship as in the cafe of M. Cocoa, who owed his nickname to the excellence of his chocolate and the beauty of the girls who served it.

On this winter's day the place had been crowded with officers, and when late in the afternoon their brilliant uniforms had vanished in obedience to the roll of drums, the tables were quickly taken by a band of artists and students, clad, according to the custom of the time, in motley garb borrowed from every age and every clime. Standing out boldly even against the mass of color about him was the tall, handsome figure of a Frenchman, costumed as a Turk. A crimson fez rested lightly on his crisp, dark curls. Beneath the jacket of pale blue, embroidered in stars and crescents, the full red trousers fell to the white leggings. Around the waist was knotted a soft sash, full of swords and scimitars. This was Liotard, the handsomest man and the finest painter in all Dresden.

In his hands the artist bore a huge porcelain vase, which he carefully placed on a table, and turning his laughing eyes full on a beautiful young girl, who advanced to serve him, he said:

"To-morrow, mademoiselle, is the fete of Saint Cecilie and also your birthday. Will you permit me to offer this vase as a gift. See," he added with a graceful gesture, "it is my own work, and among my pretty shepherdesses none rival your own beauty."

The girl blushed and hesitated. "But, monsieur"—

The artist's bold eyes noted her confusion, and with ready tact he guessed the cause.

"Do me the honor to accept, I beg of you, and in return I shall ask a greater favor—the privilege of painting your portrait."

Celie still hesitated, but her eyes rested lovingly on the vase—an almost perfect piece of Meissen porcelain. She was young. She had a true appreciation of the beautiful, and this rare treasure she well knew could not be purchased by a year's wages. But after a moment she resolutely turned from the temptation.

"No, monsier; I thank you. I cannot accept."

Sure of his power, the handsome artist bent over her.

"And why impossible, dear child? Let me, at least, make the attempt—but, perhaps," he added, teasingly, "you fear to trust my poor brush?"

A gay laugh greeted this sally, and Madame Cocoa, scenting an advertisement for her husband's cafe, now advanced to Celie's side and urged her consent.

But Celie shook her head firmly, and turning to her employer murmured a few words, among which only "Louis," "fear," "jealously," were distinguishable.

"But nonsense!" exclaimed madame, shrugging her plump shoulders, "you are a silly child. Accept the vase; 'twill look well among the wedding presents, and grant Monsieur Liotard his wish. The best portrait painter of all Saxony! Your lover will be only proud."

Madame Cocoa's speech was greeted by a burst of applause and the merry clinking of glasses.

"A toast! A toast to the model!"

A place was cleared by the window; and eagerly Liotard arranged his materials on the nearest table. The girl, still blushing, stood before him.

Outside, the snow had ceased falling, and the late sunlight stealing through the window streamed caressingly over the ideal face and figure; rested amorously in the bright hair, turning its amber threads to shining bronze, touched the velvet cheeks with a deeper glow, left a lovlier carmine on the curving mouth, and boldly kissed the throat and forehead, powerless to tarnish their purity. And the eyes! Those marvelous eyes!—veiling with heavy fringes their frank and tender glances—they, too, were flecked with the sweet sun's gold, and limpid with suggestions of youth and love! The classic contour of the face was framed in a pale rose-colored cap. Over the close-fitting, yellow corsage was modestly crossed a lace fichu, the ends tucked under a full white apron. Beneath the short, gray petticoat peeped out the tiniest of high-heeled, big-buckled shoes, and balancing a little tray with indescribable grace, in her long, transparent fingers, the lovely Celie was posed for that immortal pastel now in the Dresden gallery.

The students followed with breathless attention the rapid movements of the artist, who used his brush as if every moment were a grain of precious gold.

The clattering of cups and saucers had ceased. Absolute silence reigned in the cafe.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a cry of rage:

"Monsieur! I forbid you to continue."

Every eye was turned toward the door. A young man had entered unobserved, and was regarding the scene before him with flaming eyes.

After a moment's pause, Liotard, who had ceased his occupation, replied, insolently, "I receive commands from no man, and whatever you may be, I do not know what rights you have over this young lady, whose portrait I am painting with her free consent. Speak, Celie, is this not true?"

Before the anguish in her lover's face Celie hesitated, then disdaining to betray her love to curious glances, she raised her head haughtily:

"You are right, monsieur; I beg you to continue."

"You hear!" said the artist with an impertinent smile.

Mad with anger, the outraged lover replied:

"I hear—yes! too well. I comprehend but too clearly. And it is for this woman that I have braved everything—cold, hunger, famine! For her dear sake I have traveled fifteen days and nights, famished and frozen—I have crossed the Prussian lines without a passport—at the risk of imprisonment or death; and the reward of my devotion is to find the woman I expected to make my wife posing as a model in a public cafe! You would know, monsieur, who I am?" Tearing the cloak from his shoulders and pointing to the orders on his breast, the now frenzied man shouted, "He who has been guilty of this mad folly is Louis Kantz, barron of Kottarritz, in the service of his majesty, the emperor of Austria, and he acknowledges no allegiance"—

A moan from Celie interrupted further revelations, and Liotard, now thoroughly alarmed, approached the barron and said in a low voice:

"Silence! As you value your life. You have already said too much. Dresden is full of spies. Fly! you have not a moment to lose."

"And do you think I still value life? Death indeed preferable. I go to meet it gladly," and with a despairing glance the young man rushed from the room.

Like a flash, the girl flung herself after him. Swiftly she ran, but before she could rejoin her lover, Liotard's prediction was fulfilled. A spy, who had lurked, unobserved, in a dark corner of the cafe, had preceded her and announced the baron for treason. Already gend'armes were hurrying their captive to a common prison.

Pale, suffocated by tears, Celie returned to the restaurant, and flinging herself at the feet of Liotard, related what had happened. Between sobs and bitter reproaches, she implored his aid in behalf of her lover, and the artist, who blamed himself for his vanity, used every argument in his power to soothe and reassure her, finally promising, as a last resort, to see the king in person and intercede for the baron's pardon. Murmuring incoherent words of hope and gratitude, the girl made a brave struggle to control her tears, but alone in her room, she passed the night in bitter weeping and heartbroken prayers for her lover's safety.

Slowly, interminably it seemed, the hours dragged by till nearly noon the next day, when Liotard entered the cafe. A glance at his downcast face convinced the girl that his mission had been unsuccessful, and his first words fell like a deathknell on her breaking heart.

"My poor child! I have done all I can, and, I fear, fruitlessly. It remains with you to make the final effort—the last appeal. Go yourself to the king, and where I have failed your woman's beauty may prevail."

"I go to the king! I, monsieur? Of what use would be my poor words? You, Monsieur Liotard, who are of the same world as my lover, must know what the king would think of my love for Louis. How could I find words to convince him that Louis, so true, so noble, so exalted, has stooped to me, a poor girl of the people, and offered me his hand and name in marriage? Alas! monsieur, the king would misunderstand, despise me," and the sweet voice broke despairingly.

"But," exclaimed Liotard, surprised and distressed at this unlooked-for resistance, "can you hesitate a moment when Louis's life hangs in the balance? Is not your love for him stronger than pride and dignity?"

"O, monsieur, do you think I really could save him? Of what am I thinking? Let us go at once."

"Ah! now we shall succeed," said Liotard gayly, anxions to encourage her, "Do not waste another moment," and without hat or shawl, dressed in her ordinary working garb, Celie hastened to the palace.

A few words from the popular painter served to introduce her to the king.

Frederick the Great, seated on a low dais strewed with papers, was engrossed in affairs of state. Intent upon the parchment in his hands, he allowed several moments to elapse before turning to the person for whom an interview had been requested.

Celie stood before him, trembling with emotion despite her efforts at self-control, the delicate fingers clasping each other nervously, her whole face and figure an appeal for grace.

Touched by her beauty, the king said, kindly:

"Well, mademoiselle?"

The white hands were put forth in swift appeal, the marvellous eyes raised full on the monarch, and at the first words spoken in a kindly tone all thought of self, pride, fear vanished.

"Ah! sire," and the story poured like a rapid torrent from her lips. The warm color glowed in her cheeks, her whole soul shone from her eyes. The exquisite mouth trembled with the ardor of her speech, her voice was tender, musical, impassionate, her lovely figure swayed toward the king. She was eloquent with the force of her grief, but oh! she was irresistible in the power of her beauty.

Frederick scarcely heard the words. The melody of the voice rang in his ears and her charm touched his cold heart as nothing had ever stirred before it.

And she was here alone! She had come to him of her own accord; and he was king!

With pulses throbbing and eyes aflame he started from the dais. His arms, trembling with desire, were outstretched—words of passion broke from his lips.

But suddenly he hesitated, arrested by a glance—not of terror, pride, nor outraged virtue—but the frank, limpid glance of innocence which shines from the faces of children. So absorbed was she in her mission, so lost to thoughts of self, that the king's purpose failed to dawn upon her consciousness. Clad in the armor of her perfect purity, she needed no defense.

Frederick paused, gazing long and ardently into the tender eyes, and slowly the fires in his own paled.

The king acknowledged the dignity of the woman.

But a brief moment and the monarch's habitual calm returned. Then he said quietly, "My child, go! What you ask is yours!"

When Celie rejoined Liotard at the outer door of the palace, her radiant face proclaimed the victory, and a few days after he had the questionable pleasure of seeing her clasped in her lover's arms. Not many days later the two were united in marriage, and "La Belle Chocolatiere" left Dresden forever. But in the heart of the artist her memory blossomed into that exquisite portrait which still holds captive the world of to-day.

Many are the heart-histories told in the paintings that line the walls of European museums; every phase of life's joys and tragedies is portrayed there with invincible power. Where poets and seers have failed to touch the heart and speak to the mind, the artist has triumphed in exalting the spirit, and this love for the ideal, which was the one consolation of the stormy life of Frederick the Great has given to all time this matchless creation "La Belle Chocolatiere."

IT CUT HIM SHORT.

Called Down on the Very First Round.

A farmer drove up as we were sitting on the side porch of the hotel, and after fastening his horse he came around to us, and began:

"Gentlemen, mebbe it so happens that one of you is a preacher?"

We put in a denial one after another, and he continued:

"Wall, the case is this. My hired man died yesterday. He hain't got no friends around here, and he didn't amount to much, but we've got to hold some sort of a funeral over him. Kin any one of you do any talking?"

It was finally decided that an Ohio man, who represented a windmill manufacturer, should "do the right thing by the late lamented," and that afternoon the landlord carried us out to the farmhouse in a wagon. Four or five farmers had assembled, a grave had been dug down on some waste land near the railroad, and the coffin was the cheapest affair to be had for the money. It was evident that the deceased hadn't laid by any cash for such an occasion. When all was ready for the windmill man he stepped out from his chair and pitched the tune and we joined in singing. Then he said:

"My friends, death is a sad thing. It must come to all. Our poor friend here was hardly prepared for death when he took to his bed. He had been carrying water to the stock a long distance, and this exertion pulled him down. Had this farm been supplied with one of our 'None Such' windmills, warranted to pump 150 gallons of water per minute, this man's life might—"

"Hold on a bit," interrupted the farmer, as he rose up. "I've got that very windmill on this farm, and it was owing to the blamed thing being out of order and then falling down that Jim got his death. This hain't much of a funeral, gentlemen, but what there is of it has got to be straight. Proceed, brother, and perhaps you'd better skip windmills, and git in sunthin' about our loss bein' his gain, the good die young, death cometh to the high and low, and so on."

But the windmill man had lost his grip, and he led off with the "Doxology," and closed the business in seven minutes from the start.—[N. Y. Sun.

Work Runs the World.

Remember, my son, you have to work, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books; whether you dig ditches or edit a paper, or write funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who have worked the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over-work. More men die who quit work at 6 p. m., and don't go home until 2 a. m., than from overwork. Work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers and gives you a graceful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old so-and-so's boys." The great busy world doesn't know that they are there.

So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you. —[Burdette.

Promotion at a Bound.

A Dutchman, whose son is employed in an insurance office, was met by an acquaintance who inquired:

"Well, Mr. Snyder, how is Hans getting along in his new place?"

"Shoost splendid; he has one of the directors already."

"A director! I never heard of such rapid advancement—the young man ust be a genius."

"He vas; he shoost write a splendid handt."

"Oh, yes; plenty of people write good hands, but you said Hans was a director."

"So he vas" (indignantly); "he directs them circulars eight hours efery day already."

It Wasn't His Hat.

While the Hon. Thad. Stevens was practicing law at Lancaster, Pa., a boy sidled up to his desk.

"Take off your hat," Mr. Stevens said.

"I ain't got my hat on," replied the boy.

"What do you mean by contradicting me?" demanded Mr. Stevens.

"I ain't got my hat on," persisted the boy; "it's my brother Joe's hat."

"Oh," Mr. Stevens said, as he repressed a smile. "Well, the next time you have an errand here bring Joe with you, so that he can take off his hat."—[Harper's Young People.

In a French Court.

The judge—Would you recognize the handkerchief you say was stolen from you?

The complainant—I should say I would, instantly.

The judge—Be careful; there are so many just alike. Now, I have one like yours in my pocket at this moment.

The complainant—Perhaps you have; I have had several stolen from me.—[Paris Figaro.

A Great Financier.

Cousin Fanny (as they admire the portraits of Jack's fiancee)—Her father is a great financier, isn't he?

Jack—Yes, and he's an expert accountant, too. You ought to have seen him foot up my spinal column when I asked him for his daughter.—[Racket.

His Weak Spot.

"Why is it that your friend has never succeeded in public life?"

"Periodical weakness."

"So? Of what nature?"

"Losing control of his mouth."—[Chicago Times.

The Year Round.

Mrs. De Languide—It's easy telling that spring is here. I have that tired feeling, and horror of exertion.

Mr. De Languide—I think it must be a perpetual spring with you, then.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Why He Walked.

North Sider—I am awfully tired. Had to walk home again.

Wife—What was the matter? Cable broke?

North Sider—No, I was.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hard Hearted.

Charley—Sir, will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter?

Stern Father—No, sir; not a penny.—[Chatter.

THOUGHT HE WAS SMART.

But Circumstances Altered His Good Opinion of Himself.

During the present overflow of the Mississippi river a well dressed man, while picking his way through the woods, trying to avoid the water that was rapidly rising, came to a small knoll almost surrounded by the flood; and on the knoll he found a tall, lank fellow sitting on a log. The stranger, delighted at seeing a human being, ran up to the lank fellow and exclaimed:

"I never was gladder to see a man in my life. I have been in these woods nearly a day and a half. My horse and I went down with a caving bank; I managed to save myself, but couldn't save him. Now the question is, how are we going to get out of this infernal place?"

"Don't know," the lank fellow answered, "wallowing" his tobacco about in his mouth.

"Why, don't you know the woods?"

"Wall, did know 'em putty well, but the high water has wiped all the roads out."

"Look here, the water is rising, and this is no time for foolishness. See, we are entirely surrounded."

"Yes, that's so (squirting a stream of tobacco juice through his teeth.) Reckon we'll hatter wade."

"Do you know a place where the water is not very deep?"

"I did know yistidy, but the water has riz powerful since then."

"How long have you been sitting here?"

"Set down here this mornin'. Come out to look for the cow an' got tired, an' my plan is allus to rest when I git tired. I have hearn it read outen the papers that a good many men die frum overwork, an' sence then I am mighty partickler."

"But how do you expect to get out of this place?"

"Don't know exactly."

"But you've got to know pretty soon, for don't you see how rapidly the water is rising?"

"Yes, 'tis comin' up right peart. You air a stranger down here, I reckon."

"Yes, haven't been here but a week, and if the Lord will only let me get out this time, I'll never come back. I wonder if I can wade out through there?"

"I reckon you can."

"I have half a notion to try it."

"But make it a whole one."

"I'll do it. I don't care to stand here till the water comes up round my neck. Well, good-by. If you want to stay here and be drowned it is no fault of mine."

"So long," the lank fellow replied, spitting through his teeth.

The stranger had waded about thirty feet when he lunged off over his head. He spluttered and floundered and finally got back on the knoll.

"Whew! that was awful!" he exclaimed. "You scoundrel, why didn't you tell me?"

"How did I know what sort of a wader you are? Some folks kin wade surprisin' an' then others kain't wade so well. tuck you fur one of the boss waders, but now I see you ain't."

"I ought to jump on you and beat you. I declare, I don't know what to do."

"Thought you was goin' to jump on me."

"No, I don't want to hurt you. Look here: in less than a half hour from now this knoll will be under water."

"Ef I was goin' to bet, wy I'd bet thatter way."

"And are you going to stay here and be drowned?"

"I kain't tell yit."

"You are a fool—that's what's the matter with you."

"Yes, I ain't a s'preme jedge, but I've got mo' sense than to go out in a woods that I don't know anything about an' git drowned."

"But you haven't got enough sense to get out of a woods that you do know something about."

"Oh, I think so." The lank fellow got up, went behind a tree, took up a canoe, and as he was preparing to shove it off, remarked.

"I never fool with high water, cap'n, an' ef you buy land down here an' live on it awhile you'll farn a little sense yo'se'f. So long."

"What, are you going to leave me this way?"

"Yes, I've got rested now an' must go home an' tell the folks that I kain't find that fool cow."

He shoved off the canoe and got in. "For heaven's sake take me with you," the stranger implored.

"Oh, I reckon it's best not to—might spile you to ride with a fool."

"Come back, my friend, I was hasty."

"Yes, I sorter think you was."

"I didn't mean to call you a fool—I'm the fool."

"An' am I a smart man?"

"Indeed you are."

"The smartest man in this country?" the fellow asked, slowly paddling the canoe toward the knoll.

"Yes, the very smartest."

"Wall, but am I the smartest man you ever seed?"

"Yes, I think you are."

"But you musn't think—you must know it."

"Well, then, I know it."

"An' don't you think, or rather don't you know, that I would make a good governor?"

"Yes, I know you would."

"Ur a president, either?"

"Yes, you would make a good anything."

"All right, my boy, now you may git in. Oh, I tell you it do a man a power of good to travel round in this part of the country. He farns faster than ef he was in college."—[Opie P. Read in Arkansaw Traveler.

Feminine Thrust and Reply.

Seated in a street car near two sweet young things, who were full of the beautiful ingenuousness of girlhood, the following portion of their conversation reached me:

"Oh, Amy, I have a frightful rip in my riding habit and forgot to have it mended. Lend me yours to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, indeed, dear." (With emphasis and the utmost sweetness.) "But I'm awfully afraid you'll find it too tight; I wear a twenty-one corset, you know."

"Yes" (a slight but very impressive pause.) "I think perhaps I can get it together, though; I wear a nineteen."

It was clean cut as the stroke of a razor; beautifully given and Beautifully taken. Both faces preserved their calm and placid expression, a new topic of conversation was started almost instantly, and I leaned back in my corner and marveled at my own sex.—[Boston Saturday Gazette.

Easiest Way the Best.

A 250 pound colored woman got into a Fifth avenue stage and insisted on riding for nothing. Expostulation did no good, so the driver called a policeman to put her out.

"So you won't pay your fare!" said the policeman, looking at her from head to foot.

"No, I'll die first. They should have given me a transfer."

"But I'm obliged to put you out if you don't pay your fare," said the policeman, rolling up his sleeves.

"You jes' try it," said the old lady, with glaring eyes.

The policeman took another look at the giantess, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box. "I guess that is the easiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along on his beat.—[Eli Perkins.

Quick Conversion.

Small Boy—"What'll I do with this money bank?"

Mamma—"Put it away, of course. It has a dollar in it that your aunt gave you, and some change your pa and I put in."

"Not now. There isn't any money in it now. I spent it."

"Spent it? What did you do that for?"

"Why, the minister preached so hard against hoardin' up riches, that I got converted and spent what I had."—[New York Weekly.

The Kansas Girl.

The Kansas girl who cannot ride a "bucking" broncho without the aid of divided skirts cannot hope to gain admission to the best circles of society in Caldwell.—[Kansas City Times.

Good Advice.

If you have any remarks to make about a mule it is safer to say them to his face. —[Terre Haute Express.

Our Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A SNAKE STORY.

A MENTION of India is pretty certain to suggest the idea of serpents, as that country is the home, or one of the homes, of the dreaded cobra de capello (snake with a hood), whose bites cause death to some fifteen thousand individuals, in India alone, every twelve months. At least this is the official report, but it is probable that the bites of other venomous serpents are included with those of the cobra.

"I hadn't been an hour in Bombay before I saw the snake charmers, with their flat baskets filled with cobras which they wished to exhibit, and of course they expected to be paid for the show. They opened their baskets in front of the hotel and put the snakes on the ground. The reptiles showed a desire to get to the building, and as I was seated on the platform on the ground floor, I didn't like the idea one bit, you may be sure. The charmers play on small flutes, and the snakes dart their heads about, arch their necks, and are supposed to be dancing to the music.

"I kept my eye on one man who had a large cobra dancing in front of him. Suddenly he dropped the flute and grasped the snake by the neck and of course the snake became very angry and tried to bite his master on the hand. The latter gave him the opportunity and the blow was given; then blood appeared at the wound and the man was greatly excited. The bite of a cobra is almost as certain death as the cutting off of a man's head. There are some antidotes, but none of them can be relied upon, at least so say the English doctors in India; the snake charmers are said to have antidotes which they keep secret, but as some of them die after they have been bitten this statement is open to doubt. The English doctors give arsenic in doses of one grain, or apply Fowler's solution; and they sometimes adopt the plan that is used in America against rattlesnakes, by giving large doses of alcoholic liquors. The dancing snakes employed by the charmers are really harmless, as their fangs have been extracted and the excitement of the performer after the snake has bitten him, and the application of the antidote which he tries to sell at a high price, are all a nice piece of acting.

"A very disagreeable thing about the cobra is his fondness for the house, and you never know when you will run across one of these deadly reptiles. I always asked for a room on the second story, and if there was a third story I went up to that, though even the highest place in the building is no security, since the serpents can wriggle themselves up to the roof. The snake charmers go about and offer to catch snakes that may be around the house, and if their proposal is accepted they squat on the ground and begin to play their flutes. Perhaps they will play an hour or more and find nothing; but quite often they will coax from under the house a cobra whose presence had not been dreamed of. He is very often a snake that has been let loose secretly by the performer previous to his making the offer; but I had a practical illustration that this isn't always the case.

"One day I was dining at a gentleman's country house, when a charmer came along and wanted to try to get a snake from under the building. The gentleman told him he would give two rupees (about one dollar) if he found a cobra, but it must be a genuine 'find.' The charmer went to work with his flute; he played and played for half an hour or so, and he thought he would have his labor for nothing. But at the end of that time a cobra came slowly out on the grass, stopping every foot or so to look about him, and finally dancing in front of the player.

"I never saw a man's hand move quicker than did his when he grasped that snake around the neck. He brought the reptile to us, pried his mouth open, and exhibited the long fangs with their poison bags filled and ready for their deadly work. This proved that the snake was no performing one which he had let loose for the purpose, and the gentleman gladly gave him his fee. Then the fellow took a pair of pincers from his dress, drew out the fangs as a dentist would extract a tooth from a patient, deposited the snake in his basket, and departed. You may be sure I was very glad to see him go and his prize with him.

"In the country where cobras abound you must keep a light burning at night, as they are afraid of fire, and won't come near it. If you wake and find your light has gone out, don't stir a muscle, but lie still and shout for a servant to come with a light; there may be half a dozen snakes in the room, and as he comes in they'll get out or hide the best way they can. When you get up in the morning, shake your garments carefully before putting them on, or you may run your hand against a cobra in your coat sleeve or touch one with your foot in your trouser-leg or boot. Perhaps you'll think this absurd; if you do, just listen to this, which was told me by a man who has lived in the country for twenty years and more, and knows all about it. I'll give the story in his words, as nearly as I can.

"When first I came to India," said he, "I was afraid of snakes; but as time went on and I had no accident from them, I grew careless. If my light went in the night I didn't mind it, as I didn't want the bother of a man coming in to bring a fresh one, and so I took the chances.

"Ten or twelve years ago I was living up country, where I had charge of a large indigo plantation which belonged to my brother and myself. My bungalow (house) was a broad building only one story high, like most of the bungalows in India, and nearly all the rooms were entered from the verandah. The windows and doors were wide and high, to give as much ventilation as possible, and in hot weather, or even in ordinary temperatures, we slept with most of them open. Snakes could come in if they liked, but we rarely found them around the house, and I gradually got into the belief that I wasn't born to be killed by a cobra.

"One night I had a disagreeable dream, in which I imagined myself in a cave full of serpents, and it disturbed me so much that I waked. I was lying flat on my back, as the night was a bit chilly with the autumn winds from the hills. I had drawn a light coverlet over me. The coverlet seemed to be rather heavy, and I was about to throw it off and turn over, when I suddenly observed that there was a weight upon my breast. Instantly I thought of the cobra, and turning my eyes downwards, saw, in the light of the moon which shone full on the verandah, a huge cobra half way between my chin and waist. He had crawled up there for the sake of the warmth of my body and was taking a comfortable nap while I dreamed of the cave full of his kindred. He it was that gave me that horrid dream.

"The cold sweat started from my forehead in beads as large as peas, and I felt myself rapidly turning to ice. I must have moved somewhat when I waked as the snake had his head in the air as though he had been disturbed. He settled down in a few moments, though he seemed to be hours in doing so, and then I thought how I could best call a servant with a light. I shouted without moving more than was absolutely necessary, and again the cobra raised his head and looked around.

"No servant came and the cobra settled down as before. At intervals of five minutes or so I kept calling with the same result until I began to think I would have to lie there till morning. Each time that I called the snake raised his head and I was obliged to wait till he seemed to be asleep again. Evidently he was contented with the place he had selected as he showed no disposition to leave it, but he was not satisfied with being roused up every little while. Any motion would quite likely have caused him to strike, and a bite from his fangs would have killed me in a quarter of an hour.

"I shouted five or six times before any one heard me, and the time rolled away very slowly. At last one of the men came with a light, and as he entered the room the snake glided off over the side of the bed. That's all I remembered till I came to myself out of a dead faint, and found the servants bathing my head with water. The whole house had been roused, the snake was killed underneath the bed, and he turned out to be a large one with his poison fangs fully developed. Since that night I have never slept without a light in my room, except in the top of a house in the city. I wouldn't go through what I underwent that night for all the wealth of India."

"That story made my hair stand on end," said Dick, "and I could easily picture the horrible situation of a man lying there on the bed with a deadly serpent on his breast. It is proper to say that instances of Europeans being bitten by cobras while walking about the country are very rare, and nearly all the people killed by venomous serpents in India are natives. The reason is that in the first place the proportion of Europeans to natives is very small, one hundred thousand of the former to two hundred millions of the latter. In the second place the Europeans wear shoes on their feet and clothing all over their bodies, while the natives are barefooted and barelegged. The government has tried to kill off the venomous serpents by offering a reward for them, but the natives are superstitious, and rarely kill a cobra. He is regarded as a divinity or something analogous, and in former times temples were built in his honor."

Dick was invited to go on a tiger hunt somewhere in the interior of India, but his time did not permit, and he declined. The fact is that while he would have enjoyed the excursion to the vicinity of the tiger forests, he had no particular fondness for the hunt, even though it was for the purpose of ridding the country of noxious animals.

The friend who invited him said that the number of tigers in India was diminishing every year, thanks to the hunting spirit of Englishmen who were expert with the rifle. "But even as it is," said the gentleman, "there are three or four thousand people killed by tigers every year in different parts of the country, so that there is still a good chance for hunters. The worst of all is the 'man-eater,' as we a tiger who lives on human flesh. He learns how easy it is to capture his prey, much easier than capturing a bullock or a horse, and after he has once killed and eaten a human being he will live on nothing else. He lies in wait by the paths or country roads and takes a victim every few days. In one of the official reports it is stated that a man-eating tiger killed 127 persons in the course of six months, and stopped all travel and work for a year. In another district a man-eater killed 150 persons in three years, and caused the abandonment of a region of country fifteen miles square. He was killed by a British officer, who received from the government a reward of one thousand dollars."

Then the gentleman described the different modes of hunting the tiger. He said the safest mode was by watching him from a tree top and shooting the beast as he came at night to where he had previously killed a sheep or a bullock, and left a portion for a subsequent meal. The next best way was by surrounding a forest where a tiger was known to be concealed, and then gradually closing in on him from all sides. The danger in this method is when the tiger, driven to close quarters, makes a spring to get out of the circle of hunters; in fact there is a double danger, as a hunter may bring down a friend with bullet intended for the wild beast. Then there is hunting with elephants, where the hunters mounted on those stately beasts ride through a forest and shoot the game from the animal's back. The dangers of this mode of hunting is that the elephant may take fright and run away, and as he runs he dashes the riders against the branches of the trees that happen in his way. The elephant has a great fear of the tiger, and sometimes it is impossible to get him to advance towards the creature's place of concealment.

"It has been remarked a good many times," said the gentleman, "but will bear repetition, that this kind of hunting is very fine sport as long as the tiger is hunted, but when he turns and hunts you it isn't half as fuuny as it was."

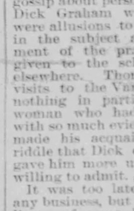
On his arrival in Japan Dick received a parcel of letters, and immediately retired to his room in the hotel to read them.

There were several letters from Mr. Varney, three from his mother, three from Thomson, one from Mr. Webster, his old employer; one from Miss Alice Varney, enclosed in one of those from her father; one from Sarah Gove, and half a dozen others, into which we will not enter at present, if at all.

Query: Which letter did he read first?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

JAPAN AND HOME AGAIN.



DICK hesitated a few moments over the letters, uncertain which to take up first. Then occurred to him the old adage, "Business before other things," and he hesitated no longer.

He placed Mr. Varney's letters in the order of their respective dates, and read them carefully through. They commended, in high terms, the work he had accomplished, as far as heard from, and gave instructions concerning things yet to be done. As none of these matters required attention at that very hour and minute our friend had time to examine the remainder of his correspondence.

Sarah Gove's letter was the next to pass under his eye, and he read every word of its eight or ten pages, together with the postscript, for the novelists and others tell us that no woman ever wrote a letter without adding a postscript, to say something she had forgotten in the main body of the epistle. The contents of this letter and its annex we will learn about at a later date in our story.

Next came Miss Alice Varney's letter, which was chiefly devoted to an expression of the delight which Dick's letters to her father had given to every member of the family. It seemed that Mr. Varney had taken home the letters from his young correspondent and read them, with the exception of parts relating to the business of the firm, at the breakfast or dinner table. She had greatly enjoyed his descriptions of foreign countries, and especially those of the dress and life of the women of Turkey and other Oriental lands. She added a postscript to tell him that his friend Mr. Thomson had visited them several times; she had found him a most agreeable talker, well informed upon every subject that was touched upon in conversation, and able to express himself in a very graphic way. Any one looking upon Dick at that moment might have seen a slight frown upon his face, and surmised that it was prompted by a touch of jealousy, though it is quite possible that he would have denied the existence of any such feeling.

Thomson's letters were principally in relation to his reading-room project and the progress he was making with it, and there were various odds and ends of gossip about persons and things in which Dick Graham was interested. There were allusions to Mr. Varney's interests in the subject and a full acknowledgment of the practical aid that he had given to the scheme, as we have seen elsewhere. Thomson mentioned his visits to the Varney mansion, but said nothing in particular about the young woman who had spoken so kindly and with so much evident pleasure at having made his acquaintance. He was a Broadway belle and he erected by several acquaintances, and he could see by their manner that fully one-half of them were not aware that he had been out of town. "Haven't seen you in some time," remarked one of them; "suppose you've been pretty busy; how's everything with Varney & Company's, and are you with them still?" "Didn't see you on Great South Bay last summer," said another. "You've probably given up salt water for a season in the mountains."

Our friend was not a little mortified to find he had made such a slight break in his circle of acquaintances that he was not missed during his absence of nearly 24 months. He began to realize how small a man is after all, and the lesson was by no means lost on him.

Dick Graham's experience was that of any man who has gone away from home for the first time, especially when that home is in a large city. The place that one has filled does not long remain vacant. Nature abhors a vacuum and so does the social and business world, and the pressure on all sides closes it very quickly. Our personal friends remember and miss us during our absence, and when we return their greeting is one of delight. But the great rushing world around us soon forgets, and unless we have made a mark of more than ordinary importance, all trace of us is lost like the writing on the sands of the seashore before the flowing tide comes in.

That Mr. Varney and Thomson greeted him

IN THIS VICINITY.

SANDUSKY, O., May 8.—(Special.)—Richard Brewer, the oldest man in Ohio, is now dead. He passed away at his home, near Birmingham, Erie county, yesterday. He was 108 years of age on the 1st inst. Mr. Brewer was born at Vanesbush, N. Y., and came to this county in 1815. He married Nancy Schaefer in Florence township, this county, in 1818, and survived her two years, she dying in 1888 at the age of 99 years. Mr. Brewer was a marvelously well preserved man. He was six feet two inches in height, was powerfully built, and up to within three days of his death was in complete possession of his faculties. He gave a birthday party on Thursday last and greatly enjoyed the occasion. He was a "mighty hunter" in his palmy days, and a record kept by him shows that he killed hundreds of bear, panthers, wolves, deer, etc., in this county. He leaves five sons and three daughters and a host of grand and great-grandchildren, some of whom reside in this city. His death was sudden and unexpected, as he had been in the enjoyment of excellent health up to last Saturday.

CREATED AN EXCITEMENT.

Crystal Refining Company Organization to Help Cygnet—Oil Field News.

CYGNET, O., May 10.—(Special.)—The statement in last night's BLADE, that the Lorenz boys, the Mochens and Albert Neilson had organized the Crystal Refining company, of Toledo, has created a large amount of interest in the Cygnet field.

These gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Neilson, late of the Lima Oil company, were known as the Pluto Oil company. They have just completed a large loading rack here and are now busy filling a recent order for 30,000 barrels, at 40 cents, for a New York firm.

All the old company's works are here, a 40,000-barrel storage tank is just west of town, a three-inch pipe line is laid to the railroad, their field manager lives here and there is every reason for expecting Cygnet to be the company's field headquarters in the future, as it has been the Pluto's in the past. The Lorenzes have considerable undeveloped territory near Freeport and Bradner, and have something to fall back on.

DEATH OF BRICE'S BROTHER.

He Expires at Denver and Will Be Taken to Lima.

LIMA, O., May 9.—(Special.)—W. L. Brice, the oldest brother of Senator-elect C. S. Brice, died at Denver, Col., yesterday, from consumption, at the age of 43 years.

Mr. Brice was formerly a business man of this city but was forced, by reason of poor health, to sell out his store several years ago. He then bought a farm, hoping the change would do him good, but was disappointed, and finally, as a last resort, went to Colorado, but failed rapidly, and his death was not a surprise.

The remains will be brought here for burial.

THE SUMMER SHUT-DOWN

Among the Glass Factories—Difference of Opinion as to Time.

FINDLAY, O., May 12.—(Special.)—The Window Glass Manufacturers' association held a meeting in Chicago last week to agree upon a date for the annual summer shut-down. There was quite a diversity of opinion as to the proper date. A number of the manufacturers, who are heavily stocked, wanted to fix the time for closing down at June 1. The Findlay manufacturers, who have heavy orders ahead and a great demand for their glass, wanted to run until July 1, to give them an opportunity to make glass enough to fill their orders. It was finally agreed upon, as a compromise, that the date for the annual shutdown should be June 14, and on that day every window glass factory in the United States will close for the summer, not to resume again until a time to resume be agreed upon between them and the workers during the recess.

FINDLAY, O., May 12.—(Special)—Prominent producers and operators claim that Ohio crude will go to fifty cents a barrel shortly, and then the refining certificate oil, while the Pennsylvania product will be reduced in price to seventy cents and be made premium oil. As soon as Ohio crude is recognized as certificate oil the exchange in this city will be opened for business. The arrangements for this institution have all been completed, and those at the head of the exchange are only awaiting the conversion of the character of the home product into a trading commodity.

FINDLAY, O., May 10.—(Special.)—The following companies are the principal buyers and shippers of oil in the Northwestern Ohio oil field: The Ohio Oil company, the Standard, the Buckeye Pipe Line company (Standard), the Keystone Refining company, the Forest Refining company, the Sun Oil company, the Niagara Oil company, the Laugineda Oil company, the Geyser Oil company, the Syndicate Oil and Fuel company, the Pluto Oil company, the Geneseo Oil company, and several minor concerns.

Census Enumerators of Wyandot County.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., May 8.—(Special.)—Gen. I. M. Kirby, supervisor for this census district, to-day appointed the following enumerators for this county: Antrim township, Capt. Irvin Bacon; Eden, Capt. R. W. Pool; Sycamore, Cephas Barlow; Pitt, B. F. Smith; Crane, Capt. J. P. Dry; Tymochtee, D. S. Wilson; Marseilles, B. F. Kennedy; Milton, J. T. Blair; Jackson, Joseph C. Snyder; Salem, Arin E. Reynolds; Crawford, Thurston W. McClure; Richland, Capt. Hiram B. Miller; Ridge, Forest L. Livingston; Upper Sandusky, First ward, John Perrine; Second ward, Henry W. Peters.

Death at Tiffin.

TIFFIN, O., May 3.—(Special.)—There died, on Wednesday, at his home in Big Spring township, one of the oldest residents of Northwestern Ohio, and one of the most remarkable of the pioneer citizens of Seneca county, Michael Wagner was born at Luxumbourg, Germany, (then a French province) in 1795, and when scarcely in the middle of his teens he joined the grand army of Napoleon, participating in the disastrous campaign in Russia in 1812, and following the fading fortunes of the Emperor to the fatal field of Waterloo. His fund of reminiscences of the hero whose name he worshipped, was inexhaustible, and his memory, even to minor details, remained unimpaired to the day of his death. Upon the final overthrow of the empire, Wagner emigrated to America, settling in Seneca county in 1833. He died respected and honored by all.

A KANGAROO'S FLASH JUMPS.

Hunters in Great Danger from the Great Leapers.

When brought to bay, the kangaroo jumps like a flash for a hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this, each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachmeat at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd.

With the agility and equipoise of circus riders, they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs. The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is tagged it is skinned, and the hide is stretched on the ground and pegged down to undergo shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camps.

Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 hides apiece they return to civilization. There are 20 varieties of kangaroos, among them the blue, red, Wallaby, black, gray and forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections.

When the shipping ports are reached the hunters dispose of the hides by auction to the highest bidders, the hides now being in constant demand. Kangaroo hunters make large profits. One man is known to have cleared $4,500, free of living expenses, in a single year.

Wanted to Be a Man.

"Do you know of any good tailors?" said Willie Wishington to a friend.

"Yes, I can direct you to several."

"I want five."

"Five!"

"Ya-a-s; I've got fouah now. You know the pwoverb about nine tailors. Well, I thought I'd see what five moah would do for me."—[Washington Post.

Recovered.

Edith—And did Ethel ever get over her love for Willy Sillson?

Emma—Yes, indeed. She married him.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

A new play is called "The Blue Officer." The hero has been asked to resign, probably.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

He—"The cutlet is cold again, darling. Now what would you do if I scolded just a little?" She—"Make it hot for you, dearest."—[The Jester.

A man is known by the company he does not keep, in a measure, as well as by the company he does keep.—[New Orleans Picayune.

It must be a matter of regret to the man who likes to hear himself talk to be told that he has been talking in his sleep.—[Yonkers Statesman.

The youth whose attentions were ignored by the young woman said that his trouble was slight.—[Washington Post.

Oregon fishermen have formed a union. They ought to have no trouble in finding a scale.—[Binghamton Republican.

"My husband attended the revival meeting and has got religion." "Is he a bona fide convert?" "Oh, yes." "Then I suppose he will go out of the ice business?"—[Boston Budget.

"Why do they call it pin money?" said Wifey, putting it in her pocket. "I guess it's because wives always stick their husbands for it," sighed Hubby, and went out to earn some more.—[Washington Star.

A lurking shadow: He—"Will you always love me as much as you do now?" She—"Why, to be sure." He—"And—and—do you think your mother will always be as pleased as she is now?"—[Terre Haute Express.

Some action: Coal Dealer—"Has Biggins taken any action on that coal bill of his yet?" Collector—"He kicked me down stairs the last time I called, and the bill with me."—[Terre Haute Express.

Another narrow escape: "Did you hear of Travers' marvelous escape? Some one shot him right over the heart, but the ball didn't penetrate through his breast pocket." "Saved by the usual pack of cards, I suppose." "No. Bills."—[Cloth-ie rand Furnisher.

A poet says: "I vex me not with brooding on the years that were ere I drew breath." He's sensible. And while he is about it, he might as well vex him not with brooding on the years that will be after he ceases to draw breath. It wouldn't make a particle of difference to the years, anyway.—[Norristown Herald.

Ike Weir, the pugilist, declares that if he "can not arrange a fight with some one very soon, he will go to work." Can not this impending calamity be averted? Give Weir a chance to wrestle with a hungry tiger, so that he may not be compelled to disgrace his profession.—[Norristown Herald.

Proof positive.—A.—"Come, now, you must own that you have gone partly mad on the score of gymnastics." B.—"Mad? Why, gymnastics means strength, health, long life." A.—"That may be, but the fact is our forefathers knew nothing of gymnastics, and—" B.—"And they are dead, every man Jack of them."—[Tagliche Rundschau.

We suspected it: M. Pedrous, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate and all other colors, and that the color of some very handsome women's voices is like buttermilk.—[Detroit Free Press.

"Don't Give Up the Ship."

"Many that did ill under physicians' hands have happily escaped, when they have been given over by them, left to God and Nature and themselves." "More danger there is from the physician than the disease." "Their art is wholly conjectural; if it is an art." All this was written long ago, before the "Elixir of Life" was discovered and applied by the "regular faculty;" and the writer frankly adds: "I honour the doctors, as I am enjoined to honour the physicians, for necessity's sake. Though the doctors of the present day are, no doubt, very different from those referred to above, and in spite of the great progress in medicine, made in these times," it is plain, that many, very many cases are still given over by them as hopeless. To such patients we say: Compound Oxygen is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a vitalizer, assisting nature.

You will find our treatise on Compound Oxygen an interesting work, carefully and thoughtfully written. It contains records of many cures, with the patients' names and residences. Send for it and see for yourself. Sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, California.

CLEVELAND'S TEMPER.

He Receive a Washington Reporter and Then Orders Him Out.

Washington Special to the Standard-Union.

Cleveland's natural antipathy to newspaper men was shown in a marked degree on the occasion of his last visit to this city. A reporter for one of the local papers, a cultured and refined gentleman, was sent to see the ex-President. The young man sent up his card and Cleveland told a bell boy to show him up. The reporter stated, said the "William street Prophet," as Mr. Dana endearingly calls Cleveland.

The reporter sat down and said, "I have called to ask you a few questions."

"Get out of this," said Cleveland. "Can't I come to this city for 24 hours without being annoyed by you fellows?"

The reporter was dumbfounded at this exhibition of temper, and was about to say something in reply, when Cleveland again thundered out:

"Get out of here, I tell you. These are my rooms, and I won't have you in here!"

The reporter took his departure wondering if Cleveland and not Dana was bordering on paresis.

Wisdom's Ways.

He who has neither friend or enemy is without talents, powers or energy.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great never seem to be aware of it.

When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden.

The art of putting the right man in the right place is first in the science of every well regulated institution, but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Life in New York.

Mr. Nubbins—"Well, my dear, did you succeed in matching that ribbon?"

Mrs. Nubbins (tired to death and mad as a hornet)—"The next time I start out shopping with an empty pocket-book you'll know it."

Mr. N.—"But, my dear, you said you wanted only a little chance to get some ribbon, a mere thread to piece out with, and you asked for ten cents. I handed you a dollar."

Mrs. N.—"Well, and I had to go to fifteen or twenty places before I could get what I wanted, and when I finally found the ribbon I couldn't buy it, because the miserable little dollar had all been used up in car fare."—[New York Weekly.

An Adamless Eden.

An Adamless Eden is about to be established—in Colorado, this time. Mrs. Olive Wright has promoted a company, entirely of women, to open the Diana park. Camping lots of from three to five acres are to be sold or leased to women only, which, it is suggested, may be utilized for poultry or bee-keeping or fruit and flower growing. The prospectus does not state whether the proscribed and hated male sex may be employed for the digging and building.

Not Bound to Incriminate Himself.

"Willie," said his father as he came home at night, "have you been a good boy?"

"Did you ask mamma?" said Willie, doubtfully.

"Don't you know?" inquired his father.

"Well, it's this way," explained Willie. "Ma's ideas and mine differ as to what is being bad, and I don't want to go back on anything she might say."—[New York Herald.

No Wonder.

Travers (to office boy)—Robert, did you take that check down to my tailor?

Robert—Yes, sir.

Travers—What did he do when you gave it to him?

Robert—He fainted.—[Racket.

Surprising.

"I, sir, when I was your age went to roost with the hens and got up with the lark."

"You did? Did you keep the lark in the same coop with the hens and yourself?"—[Racket.

THE BOXER'S ADVANTAGE.

Two gentlemen were chatting together about many things over a small bottle in a club. One was a tall, well built man, whose chief business in life was to keep himself in good form. The other was an admiring friend from the country, who was listening appreciatively to the former's tales of metropolitan experiences.

"Did you ever hear," asked the city man, "about the 'cane racket?' No? Well then I will tell you about one of the closest calls I suppose that I ever had. It was at 1 o'clock in the morning. After the theater I dropped in here and played a small game of poker for an hour or two. I did not have very good luck, and when I left the club had only a little small change in my pocket, besides having blown in several duplicates of my autograph torn from a pocket check book.

"It was a mild evening in early autumn and I walked along up town at a swinging gait. My overcoat was thrown open showing my dress suit, and in my right hand I carried a fairly heavy stick. I did not keep to the avenues but to vary the monotony took occasionally a block on the cross streets in working my way east. I noticed that there was a man following a short distance behind me who was very gradually overtaking me, but I did not think much of it. As I turned into Thirty-sixth street he brushed by me, knocking my cane out of my hand. It fell a foot or so in front of me.

"Despite his muttered, 'Excuse me,' it passed through my mind in a minute that it was done purposely. I did not wait for a second thought. I turned upon him and let him have a left-hander right under the jaw. He was evidently taken by surprise and off his guard, for he fell sprawling into the gutter.

"Before he had time to recover himself I stood over him with my right hand clinched and lifted. 'Crawl along on your hands and knees,' said I, 'until you get opposite where that cane is lying.' He did so. 'Now,' said I, 'while you keep your left hand on the ground, reach out with your right, pick up that cane, and hand it to me.' He did that too. 'Once more,' I said, 'get on to your feet, clasp your hands, and hold them out in front of you.' He obeyed sheepishly. 'Now,' I added, 'walk straight along, and if you dare change, or make a movement to change, from the position which I have given you, I will brain you with this cane.'

"A child could not have been more obedient than was this supposed ruffian. He walked along with his clasped hands held in front of him, slowly, like a blind man feeling his way; while I walked behind him gripping with both hands the upraised cane, in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, ready to let it descend with all my strength and crack his skull, if he showed the least disposition for funny business. We advanced this way a little more than a block when we met a policeman. To him I delivered over my captive. I accompanied them to the station-house.

"'Hello,' said the sergeant at the desk, 'is that you, Jim? what brought you here?'

"I told the sergeant my story, and he seemed very much amused. He began to poke fun at Jim for being so easily run in by a dude in a dress suit. Jim's reply was very complimentary, 'He aint no damned chump.'

"When the officers went through Jim's clothes they found a slung shot in one of his pockets, as well as a revolver. Had I stooped to pick up the cane I should no doubt have received a playful tap on my head that would have left me sleeping on the sidewalk for some time.

"The sergeant warmly congratulated me on my escape, and on my rendering valuable service to the police department. It seems that 'Jim,' otherwise known as 'Pimply Jim,' was a recent graduate of Sing Sing. He celebrated his return to freedom by committing a house burglary, and the police were at that time hunting for him. In going from one hiding place to another, he had run across me, and thought that he might utilize me, securing my watch and ready money. I had the pleasure of seeing him sent up for ten years. I tell you what it is, it is worth any man's while to know how to box, especially if he is a man who knocks around New York more or less at night."

To this the admiring friend from the country gave a hearty assent, and ordered another small bottle.—[Arthur Reed Kimball, in the Epoch.

ENDING THE WAR.

Imagine Gen. Grant's Surprise, if You Can.

As we lay facing the rebel lines around Petersburg that last winter of the war, the men in the rifle pits refrained from firing at each other, except when ordered to do so to cover some new movement. One night I was in a pit about half a mile from what is known as the "crater," and I soon found that there was a "Johnny" in a pit facing me, and only a stone's throw away. Everything was quiet in that neighborhood, and I had been in the pit about an hour when he called out:

"Say, Yank, what about this hyar wah?"

"What do you mean?"

"When are you'uns gwyne to quit?"

"When you are licked out of your boots."

"Shoo! you can't do it in a hundred years."

"Well, we are going to keep trying."

He was quiet for a few minutes, and said:

"Say, Yank, this is an awful wah."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' good men being killed."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' property gwine to wreck."

"Yes."

"Does you'uns lay it to me?"

"Well, you are helping to keep the war going."

"And I hadn't orter?"

"Of course not."

"And if I should come over to you'uns it might end this fussing?"

"It would help."

"Well, seems that way to me. 'Pears to be a sort o' duty. If I kin stop this bloodshed an' won't do it, then I'm ouery mean, hain't I?"

"You are."

"Hain't got no true spirit in me, eh?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll come. I'm aheadin' right fur you, and do you be keerful that your gun don't go off."

He came to my pit, bringing his gun along, and as I passed him to the rear, he said:

"This ends the wah and I'm powerful glad of it. Reckon your General Grant will be surprised when he wakes up in the mawnin' an' finds the rebellion all pelered out and me a-eating Yankee hard tack."—[N. Y. Sun.

Presumptive Evidence.

Ukerdek—I guess Whinky has broken his temperance pledge.

Chipinone—O, I think not. He seemed to be thoroughly in earnest.

Ukerdek—Yes, I know, but I saw him going fishing yesterday.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

American History.

Teacher—"What is the World's Fair at Chicago, Illinois, in 1893, to commemorate?"

Class—"Th' discovery of th' West Indies by Christopher Columbus in 1492."—[New York Weekly.

Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad **Peculiar** no other preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research has developed, **To Itself** in medical science has with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

JUST LIKE THE MEN.

The Ladies' Craze for Masculine Apparel.

One of the spring innovations is the introduction of the dear little shirts, made exactly like the male article, says the New York *Journal*. Some are of plain white linen, or with tiny colored embroidered dots, and others are of striped and checked linen, in pink and blue. They fasten up in front with little studs, and a masculine stand-up collar encircles the fair throat.

Four-in-hand silk scarfs are worn with them, and the big brothers of the

MRS. LADENBURG'S NEW TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

masculine-attired girls are in despair, because of the raids made upon their supply of neckties.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, although she wears a broad expanse of snowy shirt bosom with her gray London tweed street suit, makes it a little more feminine with an artistic sash of pearl gray silk, which is placed in empire folds across where the vest would come, and is tied in a bow, with long, fringed ends behind.

She usually wears a soft scarf of white India silk, which is tied into a masculine looking bow by her own little jewelled fingers.

Miss Camilla Moss, the noted beauty, wears a picturesque costume of dark green cloth. The cutaway coat is of cloth and the double breasted vest is of heavy green silk, opening to disclose a

MISS CAMILLA MOSS'S SPRING COSTUME.

vest of the sheerest of white silk mull, which is gathered into the neck and falls in soft folds down to the waist line.

Instead of a scarf, Miss Moss wears around her neck an old-fashioned mull neckerchief, which wraps around her throat twice, and is tied into a coquettish bow just under her chin. With the suit she wears a broad-brimmed hat of green Milan straw, trimmed with full rosettes of white silk mull, with broad strings of mull, which tie under the left ear.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

CRISPI'S MARITALPHOBIA.

Why the Italian Premier Discarded the Wife of His Youth.

A London correspondent of the New York *Journal* says: A few days ago I had the good fortune to meet with a person who enabled me to relate some facts about the maritalphobia of Signor Crispi, the Italian premier. The incident certainly cast as large a private blot upon him as his recent despotic exile of two French journalists has cast on him a public blot.

It seems that when he was a lover of freedom and equality along with Garibaldi and Mazzini he was imprisoned at Turin, where he fell in love with the handsome daughter—named Rosalie Montmasson—of the governor of the jail, and she returned his passion. In due time he was released, and going to Malta, accompanied by Rosalie, he was there married to her by a Greek priest.

Soon afterward they came to London, and my French informant happened to

be a fellow-lodger of their's in Old Compton street, off Leicester square, in the quarter peopled by Swiss, French and Italian emigres. He spoke of their fondness for one another and of her devotion—making many journeys to Italy with concealed revolutionary dispatches carried to and fro.

In due time the democratic Crispi was allowed to return to Italy, where his after career has become matter of history. After a year or two of membership in the cabinet of Victor Emanuel he found that his wife, from her bourgeoise manners and lack of education and some gaucherie, was not a social favorite, nor a credit to himself, but was, in fact, an obstacle to his ambition.

He caused inquiries to be made into the validity of his marriage, and to his great delight found that by the omission of some technicality the ceremony was, indeed, futile and not binding. Rosalie was almost broken-hearted, but he was now powerful and she helpless. She had to submit to separation and a pension.

Crispi soon married again. Enemies then had him prosecuted for bigamy. The technicality obtained his acquittal, but general public sentiment, and, indeed, social conduct, has always kept him under the stigma of a marital scoundrel.

Rosalie, however, is still known as Mme. Crispi, and lives at Rome. She usually wears a diamond cross which was a gift of Victor Emanuel—the king with the ferocious mustaches. And she has the Bismarckian fondness for big dogs, one of which is always her companion in public.

She has become very buxom and submissive to her fate; and, indeed, has been heard to forgivingly admit that loving her ennobled husband as she did, and does, it was, perhaps, better for his career that she left him. This sentiment, however, does not seem, in public estimation, to make amends for the selfishness of the man who, after she had shared his trials and been his messenger in troublous and dangerous times, could put her aside as coolly as Napoleon put aside Josephine, his early counsellor and friend.

A Western Inconvenience.

Eastern Farmer (contemptuously)—"Catch me going West, where you have neither coal nor wood. Mighty inconvenient burning corn for fuel, isn't it?"

Western Farmer—"Well, yes, it is, rather. The cars is so big we can't get 'em in the stoves."—[New York Weekly.

—As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or grayness.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Relieved the Widow.

S Comrade Knight has kindly cautioned me against locating too closely the scene of some of my mischief, lest I be called upon by the surviving parties of the second part to settle a little score (which, at my valuation at the time, with interest added, would amount to a considerable sum), I am reminded of another incident, which I would like to be able to locate with the greatest exactness, in the hope that it might assist me in squaring the other matter; but I am unable to do so any nearer than that it was somewhere between Macon and Milledgeville, Ga., on "the march to the sea." I had been on a little foraging expedition on my own hook, and had been fortunate in securing the hams of a young porker I had shot, as well as a "gunny sack" of sweet potatoes, so that our little mess of three was well provided for, even if the other members were less fortunate. When I got into the main road it was filled with a column of infantry, and after working along the edges for a ways as well as I could—for be it known that a lone cavalryman had no "rights of the road" that a column of infantry was bound to respect—I soon came to a small house near the roadside. The fence had disappeared, but the well had not, and I stopped to water my horse and fill my canteen. But in this undertaking I was obliged to enter into competition with an overwhelming majority of the rank and file of the infantry arm of the service. As I waited for a chance at the bucket I looked into the house—or cabin—and saw in a remote corner a very sorrowful looking woman closely surrounded by three weeping children, whose murmurings she was vainly endeavoring to still. There was a swarm of infantrymen pouring in at the front, and out at the back door, glancing to right and left as they passed, in a vain search for something of use or value, but the cabin had long since been literally cleaned out of everything except the sorrowing group in the corner. I don't know what prompted me, but I fastened my bridle rein to the "button" of the door, and went in and spoke to the woman. I soon learned that the soldiers had filled the road and the house, as I now saw them, almost continually since "way yesterday morning," and that she and the children had not eaten a mouthful since that time. Well, boys, that struck me as being pretty tough, and I made up my mind to give the family a square meal. So I went out and unslung one of the hams, brought it into the house, and returned after sweet potatoes. As I turned to go in the door I met an infantryman coming out with the ham. He relinquished it, however, on my explaining matters. Then came the question of cooking the repast, for cooking utensils had been cleaned out with the rest; so I was obliged to take in our big frying-pan and the great coffee-pot in which we boiled potatoes, and stand guard while the woman cooked, and, with the children, made a hearty meal. I was a little late getting to camp that night, but I think I enjoyed my own pork and potatoes all the better for the knowledge of the temporary relief I had extended to the innocent wife and children of some misguided rebel. And now, in case any "widow"—or orphans, either—of that family should turn up at this late day, I do not anticipate any trouble in balancing accounts with them.—H. W. HUNT, 9th O. V. C.

Those "Growlers."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In behalf of my comrades of the 23d A. C., allow me to return thanks to the gallant old 4th corps, and particularly to Comrades Lyman Root and Shellenberger, for their kind protection while on the retreat from Pulaski to Nashville. And while I am at it, and in the thankful mood, I will also thank the lovely equestrienne who instructed Gen. Schofield that he had better move his 23d men on to Franklin, in order that Shellenberger and Root might have room for action. Braver men never went into action than Stanley's 4th A. C., but, like all other organizations of the kind, it must have the usual share of "growlers." Why do these comrades raise such a howl after so many years have passed? Were they afraid that they would do more than their share of the work? It may be the case with these particular growlers, but it certainly was not the case with the brave old 4th Corps.

Schofield's retreat from Pulaski to Nashville was one of the most successful of the war, marred with but one accident, and that was occasioned by Gen. Wagner holding too long to his position on the afternoon of the 30th, at Franklin. It is a well known fact that the position was exactly the same at Columbia, for on the morning of the 24th Co.'s div. checked Hood's advance at Bigby creek, while the rest of the command moved by the rear, taking their position around the town, as at Franklin. Casement's brigade was left in front, near Bigby creek, on Hood's direct line of advance, with the same orders given Wagner at Franklin—that is, to fall back before he was hard pressed. Had Gen. Casement not done as ordered no doubt the result would have been as disastrous as that at Franklin, five days after. There is one thing certain, comrades, say what you will now at this late day—both the 4th and 23d corps men thought Gen. Schofield was a good one when he landed them and their large trains safely in Nashville. We who had served longest under Gen. Schofield knew him best. We had full confidence in him. He was as good as the best. He did his full duty; was never sent for a position that he did not take, and as a general thing he and his men had about all they could attend to in minding their own affairs. But there is one element that still exists, and I suppose will to the end—that is the "growler." Those fellows were in every command during the war; one minute cursing their commanders, and the next the government. Gen. Schofield's men would be highly pleased to see him made lieutenant general.—JAMES BANN, Co. E, 65th Ills.

About Andersonville.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I notice some dispute, going the rounds of the press relative to the man who prosecuted and hanged six Union prisoners at Andersonville. A comrade recently handed me the attached poem, written by R. C. Higginson, who, I think, lives in Kansas, and I know him to be the person who had most to do with the trial and execution of those men. He belonged to an Illinois regiment, and was, I think, colonel of a negro regiment at the close of the war. He can probably tell more of the true inwardness of Andersonville prison than any man living, as he was one of the commissioners from there to Mr. Lincoln.—G. L. BATES, 7th Penn. Vols.

THE ACCUSING.

Justice to those who still outlive
Each battle field, and prison pen,
Forbids the tribute that some give
For treason's work by treacherous men.
Enduring tablet should not grace
Rebellious, foul and wicked cause,
So funeral pomp is out of place;
Orations fulsome—but disgrace,
Nor teach respect for wholesome laws.

Depict upon the shaft you rear,
A group of starved and wounded men;
Victims of treason, hate and fear,
In agony of death drawn near,
Some picture of a prison pen.

Both Deserve Praise.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Please let me make a correction in Comrade J. C. Werner's statement in THE BLADE, April 17. He speaks of the battle of Jonesborough, Ga., and says his brigade did what the regular brigade could not do. I beg to differ with him or any other man in the Army of the Cumberland, when he says that they did what the regular brigade could not do. He is perfectly correct in the first part of his statement, for I was in the regular brigade; and when we started for the first time of works we got within less than forty feet of the works, but being right in front of a battery we were compelled to lie down for fifteen minutes (it seemed like that many years). Then we took the first line of works and the first battery. We had been in the first line of works over 40 seconds before we were re-enforced by the comrade's brigade, and then both brigades took the second line together, going over them pell-mell. Now, where does the praise belong? The regular brigade was the 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th U. S. infantry; also the 69th O. V. I. and 11th Mich. infantry. When we made our first gallant charge, he speaks of, we got so close to the first line of works that it would have been death to the whole brigade had we made an attempt to go back; but instead of doing so we received the order to lie down, which we did, and thereby saved many lives. According to the comrade's statement his brigade lost 464 men. I do not remember exactly how many men we did lose; but supposing we lost the same amount as he says his brigade did—that would make a total of 928 men killed in twenty minutes! Yes, comrade, it was a hard contested battle—short, but very decisive; and this was the last battle our brigade was in, for we were so reduced in numbers we had to go back and go into camp on Lookout Mountain, Tenn., three miles from Chattanooga, where I received my discharge.—A. STANLEY COLLINS, Co. A, 2d Bat., 19th U. S. Inft., now Serg't Co. E, 10th U. S. Inft., Fort Crawford, Col.

Still They Come—Spring Hill.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On the night of November 26, our brigade, consisting of the 12th and 16th Ky., 8th East Tenn., 100th and 104th O., constituting the 1st Brig., 3d Div., 23d A. C.,- crossed Duck river and took position on the point of land in the bend of the river to guard the ferry. As the river takes a sharp bend there it is but a short distance across. The 12th Ky. took position within 200 yards of the ferry, on the point, with the other regiments each about 200 yards apart, back of the 12th, the 104th being the last regiment, and farthest from the ferry. The rebs endeavored several times to land sufficient men to take us, by means of a ferry boat, but there was not sufficient shelter under the bank of the river to hold over 1,000 men at one time. They charged on the 12th Ky., but as they were armed with Colt's revolving rifles, they cut the rebs down as fast as they came up the bank. After trying that game a few times, they gave it up as a bad job. On the 29th they tried all day to get a battery planted and turned on us, but we had four batteries to their's, and as soon as they would open fire, ours on all turn in and soon dry them up. However, about 4 p. m. they succeeded in getting four batteries to play on us from different points, and those eight batteries made very lively music from that time until dark; and also made us lay very close to our works. One shell exploded in Co. A. of our regiment, killing two men and wounding several others. Our battery horses were in a ravine back of our regiment, and a shell exploded under the two lead horses without hurting them, but in less than two minutes another one came along and went right through both horses. We held the ferry until dark, when we took the back track towards Franklin, and about 12 o'clock that night arrived at Spring Hill. When we got within sight of the town we saw any amount of camp fires to the right of the pike, but we supposed they were those of the advance of our own men, but on reaching the place we found some of the 4th corps boys on picket, who informed us that it was the Johnnies, and we had to march on to Franklin, which place we reached about daylight, and that afternoon had quite a warm dispute with Hood's forces.

Comrade Root intimates that a gaily-dressed woman met Gen. Schofield in the afternoon, at Spring Hill, and advised him to fight the battle at Franklin. That may be so, but one thing I do know—Gen. Schofield and staff passed Spring Hill about 12 o'clock on the night of November 29, escorted by the 1st Brig., 3d Div., 23d A. C.—ALEX. NIBLO, Co. G, 104th O. V. I.

First Troops in Spring Hill.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Another comrade off his post. And maybe he knows what apple jack was, in 1862-63. Lyman Root, of Co. B, 125th O. V. I., writes on the subject of a skirmish at Spring Hill, November 29, 1864, as a correction to what Comrade Dan Knight and myself have written. I do not care for the honor, or for the woman, for Comrade Carlton's figures in the skirmish at Spring Hill; but I do say it was a nice little village, in a nice country, and that the 2d Brig., 2d Div., 4th A. C., was the first infantry troops in the village, headed by Gen. G. D. Wagner and the 40th Ind., V. V. S. They marched almost through the town when the Confederate cavalry, near half a mile to our right, came charging on to our flankers, across an open pasture, and our command made a countermarch to the right 20 rods, forming a line of battle parallel to the pike, and drove the rebs back. The rest of the brigade formed on our right and skirmished with the Johnnies, holding the ground until in the night, while the rest of the Union army passed. I know what I have said about Spring Hill is true, for I had not seen a drop of apple-jack or peach brandy for some time. I had been home on a furlough. I did not see the woman, or hear of any while we were at Spring Hill, and the only reason that there was not more drunkards at that place is the Johnnies fell back and remained there until the next morning.—REUBEN B. WILSON, Co. A, 40th Ind. V. V. S.

Spring Hill—Peach Tree Creek.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE.—W. A. Phillips is a little off in regard to the brigade that covered the retreat from Spring Hill to Franklin. It was the 1st Brig., 2d Div., 4th A. C., and they didn't take their position across the creek, but a little way behind the main line, and when the rebels made their first charge and broke our lines the 1st Brig. retook the works and helped hold them until the fight was over. "R. S.," 125th Ills., asks who opened the fight at Peach Tree creek, and is answered by "J. C. W.," Toledo, O., who says it was 20th A. C. and that they did fighting. Newton's Div. belonged to the 4th A. C., and the 1st Brig. started the fight with the 18th Mo. and 73d Ills. on the skirmish line. We drove their skirmishers awhile and then they turned and drove us. If the 20th A. C. had any harder fighting than Newton's Div. they must have had it pretty rough.—J. CUNNINGHAM, Co. G., 73d Ills.

Spring Hill.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—To Comrade Lyman Root I will say that the 2d Brig., 1st Div., 4th A. C. marched into Spring Hill about 10 o'clock p. m., November 29, 1864, and remained in line north of town until 4 o'clock the next morning. Then we started on the retreat for Franklin, the march being mostly made in daylight. My brigade reached Franklin about 3 p. m. on the 30th, and then the battle opened. Boys, do you remember wading in deep mud the night we crossed Duck river?—J. S. ARNOLD, Co. G, 51st O. V. I.

Mistakes Not Always Hay-Stacks.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—There is some truth in what the 86th Ohio comrade says, when criticising boosting comrades. Regarding the animosities in our recollections, given in the Camp Fire, I think the comrade is "way off." We write them as our memory serves us as to facts. When we comment on any subject, as some of the boys do, we are apt to use strong words by way of emphasis. It is not to be wondered at that a drop or two of bitterness will occasion

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Religious Tenets.

V. L., Rippey, Iowa: The Armenian church is a branch of Christianity flourishing in Armenia, Asia, dating back to the second century. In differs in many points from the Greek, Roman Catholic, Coptic, and other Christian churches. But you probably meant "Armenian," not "Armenian."

Arminianism is a system of doctrine taught by James Arminius, professor in the university at Leyden, Holland, 1603 to 1609. His leading tenets were: 1, that God from the beginning determined to save those he foresaw would persevere to the end in faith in Christ; 2, that most but believers in Christ can be partakers of the benefits of the atonement; 3, that regeneration through the Holy Ghost is necessary to salvation; 4, that this grace is offered to all; 5, that truly regenerate persons can keep themselves in this state through God's grace. The Arminian doctrine on predestination (the first given above) is held generally by the Lutherans in Germany, the Methodists throughout the world, and many others.

The chief tenets of Calvinism are: 1, predestination—that all men having sinned, all are doomed to eternal death; but that to some God has given faith by his eternal decree, who are the elect, and who alone will be saved. No matter what the non-elect may do, they are doomed to eternal death; 2, that Christ's death made atonement only for the elect; 3, that all are born in sin, and without the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit are not willing nor able to return to God; 4, that the grace of regeneration so corrects the effects of sin that prompt and sincere obedience of the spirit follows; 5, that God does not permit the elect to fall from the grace of adoption and the state of justification, or commit the sin against the Holy Spirit. The Presbyterians and many other churches endorse Calvinism.

Unitarianism denies the divinity of Christ and of the Holy Ghost. It denies that there are three persons in the Godhead, and regards Christ as highly exalted, but nevertheless a created and subordinate being. Channing is the most famous champion of this faith. Dr. Channing defined the Unitarian belief on the Trinity thus: "Some suppose that Trinitarianism consists in believing in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This is not the fact. What we believe is that the Father sent the Son, and gives to those that ask the Holy Spirit. We are Trinitarians, if this belief is Trinitarianism; but it is not."

The Dred Scott Decision.

W. W. C., Elkhart, Ind.: Dred Scott was a negro slave of Dr. Emerson, of the United States army, who once resided in St. Louis. In 1834 Dr. Emerson was ordered from Missouri to Rock Island, Ill., where slavery was prohibited by statute law, and in 1836 to Fort Snelling, in what is now the state of Minnesota, but was then a territory. Scott went with him, at at Fort Snelling married Harriet, owner of the slave Dred Scott. In 1838 they returned with with their master to St. Louis. In 1848 Scott brought a suit in the state courts involving the question of his freedom, and obtained a verdict. This verdict was reversed by the supreme court of Missouri. Shortly afterwards Dred Scott was sold to J. A. F. Sanford, of New York, against whom he or his abolition friends at once began a similar suit in the United States courts. The case was carried to the Supreme court of the United States, and on March 6, 1857, Chief Justice Taney announced the decision. In this decision the court held that Scott had no right to sue in the courts, even if his were a negro was regarded by the constitution as a citizen. The decision also declared the Missouri compromise void, and denied the right of Congress to prohibit slavery from any territory. All the Supreme court justices concurred in this opinion except McLean, of Ohio, and Curtis, of Massachusetts.

Measuring Heights.

E. A. K., Wis.: 1.—The height to which a geyser throws water, the height of a tree, flagstaff, etc., which can not be measured with a line, is very accurately determined by triangulation. Two wooden rods are taken, one exactly the height of the observer's eye, the other longer. The observer looks over the top of the shorter rod, placed perpendicularly, at the top of the tree or other object. An assistant places the second longer rod at such a point that the observer's line of vision just touches its top. The distance between the rods is carefully measured, and the difference in their heights. Then the distance from the foot of the rod to the base of the tree, pole, geyser, etc., is also carefully measured, and the height is found by the following proportion: As the distance between the rods, in feet, is to the distance from the base of the rod nearest the object to the object to be measured, in feet, so is the difference between the height of the rods to the height of the object. The work is easily performed, as any boy who has studied "proportion" in arithmetic knows. To this must of course be added the length of the shorter rod, to obtain the real height of the object measured.

The "Plus One" Sayings.

R. R. G., Springfield, Ill.: We will give all the sayings called the "plus one" sayings, but you must please not ask for more:

The "Fifth Monarchy Men" are those who look for a universal empire.

The "Eighth Wonder of the World," the discovery and general application of electricity.

The "Second Adam" was the "Lord from Heaven." [See I Cor. xv, 47.]

The "Fifth Wheel" is that which is entirely useless.

The "Eighth Wise Man" was Socrates, the philosopher.

The "Eleventh Muse" was Sappho, a poetess, contemporary with Solon.

The "Eleventh Commandment" is: Attend to your own affairs.

The "L4 Chapter of Genesis" is a forgery so well written as to defy detection even among well-read divines, and which has often been quoted as genuine.

The Great Forth Bridge.

Inquirer, Colfax, Iowa: The following are the measurements of the forth railway bridge, the largest structure of the sort in the world:

Total length of bridge, including approach viaducts, 1 mile, 1,065 yards.

Two spans, each 1,710 feet.

Two spans, each 680 feet.

Depth of main girders at piers, 330 feet.

Depth of main girders at centre, 50 feet.

Width of bridge at piers, 120 feet.

Width of bridge at centre, 31.5 feet.

Clear headway for navigation at high water, 150 feet.

Deepest foundation below high water, 91 feet.

Highest part of bridge above high water, 361 feet.

Depth of water in center of channel, 210 feet.

Weight of steel used in construction, 51,000 tons. Cost, over $17,000,000.

Flandefs—Friesland.

S. P. M., Cadmus, O.: 1.—Flanders was formerly the name of an extensive and almost independent country, ruled by counts, embracing part of what is now Belgium, the southern part of Holland, and some of the departments in the northeast of France. Freisland is a very wealthy province, whose capital is Leeuwarden; it once was part of the Netherlands, but was ceded to Prussia, next annexed, by Napoleon, to Holland and France; restored to Prussia in 1814; ceded to Hanover in 1815, along with which it now forms part of Prussia. Area, 1,372 square miles; population, 317,405.

2.—The ancient language of Scotland was the Gaelic. Burns's poems are written in Scotch dialect; that is, exactly as the uneducated Scotch talks.

3.—The name Caprivi is pronounced Kapre-vy, accent on the second.—If you desire full answers, give only one question, or ask questions that are on the same general subject.

Barometer in Storms.

J. H. S., Folsomville, Ind.: 1.—The weight of the atmosphere holds the column of mercury in the barometer tube at about 30 inches, in fair, calm weather. A storm disturbs the equilibrium of the atmosphere, and its weight being therefore less, the barometer falls. As the storm passes, and the equilibrium of the air subsides, the barometer again rises. 2.—A definite quantity of moist air weighs more than the same quantity of dry air, at the same temperature, if that is what you mean by its being "heavier." 3.—Preliminary surveys have been made to test the possibility of the construction of a railway tunnel under the English Channel. If you desire full answers, ask only a single question, or have them all parts of one general topic—not on unrelated topics.

"Pairs" in Congress.

C. E. E., Washington, D. C.: 1.—A "pair" is an agreement between two Senators or Representatives, or members of any legislative body, of opposite politics, for each to abstain from voting on one or more special measures, in order that one of them may be absent, without the result of the vote being affected by his absence. It is plain that if one vote is lost on each side the result remains the same, as if both had voted. It is a mere arrangement of courtesy, in cases where the absence of a member is unavoidable.

2.—There are colored Catholic priests. About a year ago there was quite a ceremonious ordination of a colored priest in your own city. 3.—The Australian ballot system was fully explained in the editorial columns of THE BLADE of Jan. 16 last. We cannot republish.

Gen. Dix's Order.

W. L., West Millgrove, O., asks: "Please state when, where and under what circumstances did Gen. John A. Dix issue his famous order to shoot upon the spot any man who attempted to tear down the American flag."

In January, 1861, Gen. Dix was appointed secretary of the Treasury by Buchanan. The Southern states were then revolting. There were two revenue cutters at New Orleans. Dix ordered them to New York. The captain of one of them refused to obey. Secretary Dix thereupon telegraphed: "Tell Lieut. Caldwell to arrest Capt. Bushwood, assume command of the cutter and obey the order I gave through you. If Capt. Bushwood after arrest undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieut. Caldwell to

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

consider him as a mutineer and treat him accordingly. If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

Wood Sinking in Water.

Many, Oberlin, O.: There are a number of woods which sink in water, when fully seasoned. There are 16 varieties of trees in the United States which sink. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood, found only in Southern Florida, which is more than 30 per cent heavier than water. Of the other 15, the best known are the lignum vitæ and the mangrove, Texas and New Mexico are the home of a species of oak which is about one and a fourth times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quick as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000 feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida or in the arid West and Southwest.

"Son of Man."

M. J. W., Haigler, Neb.: The term "son" is used in Scripture to imply almost any kind of descent or succession, as *ben shanah*, "son of a year," meaning a year old; *ben hasheth*, "son of a bow," meaning an arrow. When Jesus so often called himself the "Son of man," we presume he merely used a figure of speech common in the language he used. The phrase is used all through the Bible, notably in Ezekiel and Daniel.

2.—The italicized words in the Bible are those not in the original manuscript, but supplied by the translators to make sense.

3.—The human scarfing to come from an amputated limb really comes from the ends of the nerves, in the stump, which once supplied the missing limb.

Nationalism.

Reader, Sandusky, O.: Nationalism is simply another guise for socialism. It is a scheme of government devised unintentionally, as we understand, by Mr. Edward Bellamy, of Boston, in his novel, "Looking Backward," in new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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and west by Western Australia. It is practically an unexplored region.

——, Clermont, Pa.: The proper name of the person calling himself "Buffalo Bill" is William F. Cody. We know of no event of his life worth the space it would take to relate.

F. J., Hartville, Mo.: 1.—Jules Verne is the real name of the French author. 2.—The Gulf Stream originates in the Gulf of Mexico. The reason for its deeper color than the surrounding ocean is not well known.

Wyandot, Maumee, O.: Standard silver dollars are a legal tender for any amount. Minor silver coins are a legal tender for any sum not exceeding $5. The copper 1-cent pieces are a legal tender to the amount of five cents.

"Illinois Girl" wants to know what American statesman was the "son of a poor weaver girl, who died at her son's birth, and was left in the most abject poverty to be raised by a maiden aunt." If any one will tell us, we will publish.

Evangeline, N. Y.: Your questions refer to matters of law. You can not expect us to be acquainted minutely with the statutes of every state so as to answer such queries. Your best course is to go to a good lawyer, and state the case to him.

E. A. K., Fond du Lac, Wis.: 1.—Some months ago we discussed the question about the top of a buggy-wheel going faster than the bottom in the Bureau, and cannot repeat. 2.—No plant bears a *true* fruit without a blossom of both sexes.

L. C. E., Abner, Tenn.: We have no idea what proportion of applicants for the railway mail service pass the civil service examinations, nor how many get positions. We have heard it estimated that three or four times as many are eligible as there are positions to fill.

Subscriber, Cairo, Ill.: We know of no other depilatory save that published on July 18 last. Pulling out hairs would probably in the course of years, cause a more scanty growth, but will not stop it entirely. Electricity is the best and safest method, in the hands of a skilled surgeon.

J. W. B., Athens, Tenn.: "Writers' cramp" is a form of paralysis due to overtasking the nerves supplying the muscles most used in writing. A similar trouble affects telegraphers and others. The only real remedy is rest. Use a type-writer instead of the pen, and consult a good physician.

B. M., Knoxville, Tenn.: The "Marseillaise," the anthem of the French revolution, was composed, both words and music, in 1792, in a single night, by Rouget de l'Isle, an officer of artillery at Strasburg. The name Marseillaise was given it at Paris from the incorrect report that it had originated at Marseilles.

Farmer, L'Anse, Mich.: According to the census of 1890, the following are the twelve leading manufacturing states: New York (2,024), Pennsylvania (1,223), Massachusetts (654), Ohio (570), Missouri (390), Illinois (205), New Jersey (169), Connecticut (161), Michigan (118), Rhode Island (111), Indiana (109), Maine (70), and Wisconsin (67).

H. R. N., French Mt., Ky.: We have not the particulars of the campaign scandal against John Quincy Adams, alleged to have taken place while he was minister to Russia. It was simply that Mr. Adams tried to obtain influence with the Czar through a nurse-girl whom he had taken to Russia with his family. The story was untrue, and has dropped into deserved oblivion.

F. C., Rock, Mont.: 1.—Millet's "Angelus" represents two Breton peasants, a man and a woman, who have been working in a field, standing with bowed heads, praying, as the sound of the angelus bell from the steeple of the village church in the distance falls on their ears. 2.—It is impossible to determine how many marriages occurs daily in the United States.

A. J. P., Toledo, O.: 1.—In meeting a lady acquaintance on the street you must wait for her to decide whether she wishes to recognize you or not; you should not bow unless she bows first. 2.—It is not proper for a gentleman to take a lady's arm while out walking in the street. A young man who does this is a mark of ill-breeding, and if the girl allows it she shows the same lack.

Grace, Bordentown, N. J.: The Marshalsea prison, immortalized in Dickens's "Little Dorrit," stood in Southwark, London, was built in the twelfth century and thereafter was under control of the king's marshal of the household. It was opened by the Gordon rioters in 1780. It was long a king's bench prison, but finally, like the Fleet, became a poor debtor's prison. It was abolished and torn down in 1849.

A SHARK MISSES IT.

Fortunately, Perhaps, for Himself —Raked His Heel.

We were fishing on Brigantine shoals, half a dozen of us in a yacht, and were having such poor luck that some of the men stretched out for a nap, when a young man from Philadelphia, whose cot had been situated about permitting him to come with us, removed his shoes and dangled his bare feet in the water alongside. He said something about cooling the blisters made on the soles of his feet by a long walk the day before, but nobody gave him any attention. I was on the other side of the boat, lazily bobbing my line, when I caught sight of a shark's head on and just below me. He had not stopped nor slowed up, and looked down at him through the clear water he seemed to have a grin on his face. I reached for my revolver, hoping to get a shot at him, but he was up to tricks, and sank out of sight. Next minute there was a wild scream from the port side of the boat, and the young man tumbled backward into the cockpit with a great hang and with the blood running from a wound in his right heel. A hundred feet away was the shark, his fin showing black above the surface.

"Thay! Thay!" lisped the young man in his excitement, as we helped him up, "thwat do you thuppose? I was sitting there with my feet in the water when that vulgar fish rose right up and made a gwab for me and inflicted this painful injury on my heel!"

He had got a bad rake, and it gave us some trouble to bind it up, and when that had been done he looked around from one to the other and queried:

"Boyth, do you think it is mortal?"

Some one assured him to the contrary, and he was silent for two or three minutes. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Good heavens, I have those confounded vulgar fish in the southwest border of Bohemia. The "Franconian Jura" is the part of the Jura mountain region belonging to the old Duchy of Franconia, now mainly included in Baden, Hesse, Bavaria and Saxony.

Old Coins.

S. P., Mitchell, S. D.: There is no premium on the silver half-dollar of 1861. The Confederate half-dollar of that year, one of the very few coins struck by the rebel government, bears a high premium, but there are only four or five in existence.

L. S. E., Hastings, Neb.: The coin of which you send a tracing is a Spanish silver 2-real piece, of the reign of Charles IV, 1789. Its value is 20 cents. There is no demand for them by collectors in this country, and because we have no use for them.

R. A., Knob Noster, Mo.: See answer to M. E. R., Jerome, Mich., last week.

A "Lot" of Land.

J. B., Lookout, Mo.: The word "lot" in a description of land means 80 acres; "the west half of lot 2" means the westerly 40 acres in that lot, whose location can be easily determined by the official map of the government survey of the state. The government land is divided into sections, or square miles; each section into quarter-sections, of 160 acres each; and these subsequently into two "lots," of 80 acres each. The word "lot" is used in this specific sense in all records and descriptions of government lands. 2.—We do not understand your second question.

A Constitutional Query.

W. E. C., Monroe, Ky., asks: "Is it constitutional for the president and vice president both to be elected from the same state?"

Why did not you look up the constitution itself? It says, in article XII of the amendments: "The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state as themselves." That provision prevents both officials from being from the same state.

Ex-Soldiers' Mortality.

J. W. B., Smithville, O., asks: "Please publish in your next an estimate of the mortality of the comrades for the various years, as given in the table of estimates of beneficiaries under the Morrill bill, published in THE BLADE of May 1. Thus show how many of us will be dead in advance of 60 years for each year of the table."

We have not any estimates of the mortality of soldiers, we are sorry to say.

Weight of Coins.

M. H., Florence, Ala., asks: "How much will $1,000 of United States gold coin weigh, avoirdupois? How much will 1,000 standard silver dollars weigh, avoirdupois?"

The weight of a gold dollar is 25.8 grains; of a standard silver dollar, 412½ grains. Hence $1,000 gold will weigh 25,800 grains; $1,000 silver, 412,500 grains. There are 7,000 grains in an avoirdupois pound. You can perform the division yourself.

Miscellaneous.

Reader: To answer your question would be to give an advertisement.

A. A., Freeman, Kan., asks for the name of "the sergeant who captured Jeff Davis." Who can tell us?

Yacht, Toledo, O.: That of Greenwich has been adopted as the standard meridian of longitude by all countries.

R. B., Panora, Iowa: New York has probably the finest state capitol building, at Albany. That is our impression, at least.

F. J. W., Ontario, Cal.: The census supervisor of the 4th Kentucky census district is John Woodhead, Falmouth, Pendleton co., Ky.

G. E., Coleville, Cal.: It is impossible for us to tell what metals are in the mineral you send. Your best plan is to get it analyzed by and assayed by a competent chemist.

Schoolgirl, Toledo, O.: "Alexandra Land" is one of the divisions of Australia. It is in the center of the island, having only a short bit of coast on the Gulf of Carpentaria; bounded on the north by the Northern Territory, east by Queensland, south by South Australia,

CLEVELAND'S INTERVIEW.

MR. FRED. CRAWFORD'S STATEMENT.

He Asserts That the Ex-President Said All That He Published, and Uttered Many Unprintable Expressions.

Frederick C. Crawford makes the following interesting statement in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* of this week regarding the Cleveland interview which recently appeared in the N. Y. *World*, and which was subsequently denied in that paper:

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Weekly:

Grover Cleveland has, I believe, seen fit to deny certain portions of an interview with him published in the *World* of Thursday, April 17. He declares that he never used the virulent and intemperate language ascribed to him in speaking of Mr. Dana. In view of Mr. Cleveland's denial it seems to me that the writer of the interview should be permitted to state his side of the case. My own reputation is as dear to me as Mr. Cleveland's can possibly be to him, and in this connection I wish to say that I am deeply grateful to my many newspaper friends and others for their kindly expressions of confidence in my integrity.

I assert on my honor that Mr. Cleveland was correctly reported in the interview in question. He was not misrepresented in any particular. I did not write out all that Mr. Cleveland said, but what I did write was a faithful and accurate report of his conversation. Much of what was omitted was simply unprintable in any respectable journal.

The circumstances attending the interview were as follows:

Wednesday afternoon, April 16, I received an assignment from the city editor of the *World*, Mr. James F. Graham, to go and interview Mr. Cleveland regarding a story published in the *Sun* of that day to the effect that the ex-President was under a special treatment, invented by Dr. Schweninger of Germany for reducing flesh. Mr. Cleveland was represented in the article as gaining in weight at the rate of 25 pounds a month, and it was said that both he and his friends were seriously alarmed at his condition.

I arrived at Mr. Cleveland's office, at 45 William street, a little after 2 o'clock. I inquired if Mr. Cleveland was in, and receiving an affirmative answer from one of his clerks, sent my card to him as the representative of the *World*. There could have been no likelihood of my card's producing Mr. Cleveland then launched out into a vigorous denunciation of the editor of the *Sun*. He said he was a blackguard, vagabond and dastardly scoundrel. He also characterized him as "a senile old liar and thief," with the addition of various several other more profane words figured in Mr. Cleveland's remarks, but none of them, of course, were published.

After the conversation had gone on for fifteen or twenty minutes Mr. Cleveland asked me what I was going to publish, and I told him the substance of what he had said. He drew a pencil from his pocket, and, picking up a pad, said, "I will write out something to guide you."

He then wrote the following, which is the first paragraph of the published interview:

"If I have not," said Mr. Cleveland, 'seen the article you refer to, and if it appears nowhere else but in the *Sun* there is not the least chance of my seeing it. Of course the entire thing is a lie, without the least pretext for excuse. The only wonder to me is that the venerable editor of the *Sun* supposes that he has at last hit upon a subject which can be used to annoy me. In this he is mistaken. He must be the last to avail himself of personalities. I am not sure that he should, at his time of life and in his apparently peculiar mental condition, be molested in his amusement.'

This did not end the interview. After writing the above Mr. Cleveland talked for more than twenty minutes. Before Mr. Cleveland took up his pencil to write anything he had said in substance the matter in the first paragraph in the interview. In preparing it for publication I inserted it as following his written paragraph. All of the matter contained in the following paragraphs took place in the first stages of the interview:

"Continuing, Mr. Cleveland said that he had endeavored, since coming to the city to reside, to mind his own business. He had never tried to force himself into prominence, and had, in fact, courted the retirement of private life. If he should accept all the invitations for social enjoyment he received he would have to abandon his law practice, and he had decided not to accept any. Mr. Cleveland said that he had been treated with a great deal of kindness and consideration by the people of the city, and he appreciated it thoroughly.

"'I do not care,' Mr. Cleveland added, 'how much I am criticised for my public acts. That is perfectly legitimate, and I recognize the right of others to differ on public questions. There is a line, however, it seems to me, where criticism and abuse should stop. The man who invades the privacy of a family and the social and mercantile relations of men in private citizens is no better than a highwayman. He places himself on a level of the blackguard, and his vulgarities can have no weight with decent people.

"Regarding the frequent personal attacks upon himself in the columns of the *Sun*, Mr. Cleveland said that, while he never saw them, every time one appeared, a dozen cranks, here or less, would write to him about it.

"'Whenever I receive these cranks' letters,' said Mr. Cleveland, 'I know that the senile old liar and thief, Dana, has been at it again. That is the only way I keep track of his nocturnal ravings. The object, I suppose, is to annoy me and my friends.'

Mr. Cleveland then alluded to his wife, and said that Mr. Dana had not confined his attack to himself. He made war on women as well as men. The attacks on Mrs. Cleveland had not been made openly or directly, but by Mr. Dana's favorite method, innuendo and insinuation. Much of the matter consisted of adroit praise of Mrs. Cleveland, with the idea of making a contrast to his (Mr. Cleveland's) disadvantage. Cranks were sure to send Mrs. Cleveland slippers, and they annoyed her very much. Mr. Cleveland said distinctly: "The —— old thief, Dana, has not hesitated to drag my wife's name into his scurrilous attacks. A man who makes war on women is infamous."

In the course of the latter part of the conversation I told Mr. Cleveland that I should like to use more of his talk than he had yet given out. In a friendly way, I also pointed out the impolicy of the attacks on Mrs. Cleveland. He gave me permission to do so. He said, "I have no objection." Here is what I wrote in that connection, and it is substantially what Mr. Cleveland said.

"There is only one thing,' Mr. Cleveland resumed, and a tender expression lit up his face, 'that I care anything about in these attacks—they are not confined to myself. It seems that the senile Dana does not consider me fair game to men. Women are not free from his dastardly assaults. Mrs. Cleveland has not escaped. It is bad enough for Dana to print his lying statements regarding myself, but it is infinitely more cowardly and dastardly for him to include, as he has done, my wife in his attacks. Nothing could be more contemptible or so far removed from all instincts of manhood.'"

Mr. Cleveland spoke with considerable feeling in referring to the unwarranted use that had been made of Mrs. Cleveland's name by the malignant editor. There was no language, he said, strong enough to characterize the conduct of such a man. If Dana was not in his dotage, with one foot in the grave, his senile ravings would attract more attention. The public is disposed to look with some leniency upon a man who has paresis. That was all that saved Dana from being held to a strict accountability for his atrocious conduct. The above is practically all that Mr. Cleveland said regarding the editor of the *Sun*. The interview did not end there, however. I asked him what he thought of the recent elections throughout the country, and especially in Rhode Island, and how he regarded the practical working of the ballot reform law. What he said on that head is contained in the following.

"Changing the subject, Mr. Cleveland spoke of the recent elections, and said they were most gratifying to the Democracy. The result in Rhode Island at the by-elections held in the city of Providence was equally significant and encouraging. It was a strong vindication of the ballot-reform law. 'From all I have heard,' Mr. Cleveland added, 'the Republicans made a tremendous effort to carry the by-elections in Providence. The conditions were favorable to the Republicans, and they spent a great deal of money. The Republican manufactures, who have been in the habit of intimidating their workmen, could not do it under the new law in Providence. Every friend of ballot-reform will hail the result in Rhode Island as most encouraging.

"'Looking at it from the highest and lowest standpoints, it seems to me that the Democrats will be the gainers by the adoption of ballot-reform all over the country. We believe that we have principles and ideas that appeal to the people, and upon a fair and free discussion of the issues the majority will vote one way. But to take a low view of the situation: If both parties go into the business of vote buying, the Republicans have $50 to spend where we have $1, so we could not hope to compete with them successfully in that line. We should have a ballot-reform law in every state, in the interest of good politics and honest government.'"

In answer to a further question Mr. Cleveland spoke of the situation in Pennsylvania, the *World's* exposure of Quay and the manifest revolt in the Republican ranks against the dictatorship of Quay.

"'I think the Republican bolt in Pennsylvania is serious,' he said, 'and if Mr. Delamater is nominated the Democrats will stand a good chance of carrying the state. It is a singular thing in the history of Pennsylvania politics that the Democrats have been able from time to time to carry the state in spite of the tremendous Republican majority. I think you will find that the Democrats of Pennsylvania have at some time during the past fifteen years elected each one of the state officers. It shows that there is an independent spirit among the Pennsylvania people if it can be only aroused.'"

Allusion was made to ex-Senator Jones, of Florida, who has been residing in Detroit for several years, and Mr. Cleveland said he had no doubt Mr. Jones was mentally unbalanced.

Nothing was said by Mr. Cleveland to the effect that he regarded any part of the interview as private, and I left him with the distinct understanding in my mind that I could use my discretion in writing out the conversation for publication. I submit that I could have had no possible motive for misrepresenting the ex-President.

I have had several years' experience as a newspaper writer and interviewer, and this is the first time, I believe, one of my interviews has been disputed.

FREDERICK C. CRAWFORD.

New York City, April 29.

REPORTER PLAYS JUDGE.

How a French Journalist "Scooped" His Rivals.

French reporters are not all slow. The feat accomplished by the reporter for a Paris paper at the time the great Troppmann murder case was agitating France, will compare favorably with any on record. This reporter was sent to Cernay, where Troppmann's father lived.

Upon his arrival he called upon the justice of the police and the commissaire de police, asked them to follow him to the Mairie, took his seat in the judge's chair and, with unparalleled audacity, ordered the Garde Champetre to bring the assassin's father before him.

The dignity and imperiousness assumed by the reporter repelled any question as to his authority. When the father of Troppmann was brought before him he interrogated him as though officially commissioned to do so. The result was that it was learned that the son had written to the father on the eve of the day of the crime.

"Monsieur le Commissaire, go to the house of the witness and seize those letters," commanded the reporter.

The functionary obeyed and the letters were brought. The reporter found they contained unquestionable evidence of Troppmann's guilt. He copied them carefully, but quickly and solemnly. He then handed them to the justice and told him to seal them and preserve them safely for future use. He put the copies in his pocket and dismissed the court.

It was now only a little after noon, and no passenger train would leave for Paris till evening. That would make the report too late for the next morning's issue of his paper. To make matters worse he met two other reporters who had just arrived from Paris. Then he had to do something to keep the news from them and at the same time escape to Paris.

A happy thought came to his rescue. They had not eaten since morning. He told them he too was nearly starved. If they would go to the inn near by and order a good dejeuner with plenty of wine, he would join them soon.

They were ready to accept the suggestion. As soon as they were out of sight he jumped into a wagon and hired himself even rapidity to the station, where, after much urging and undoubtedly some financial persuasion, he succeeded in getting aboard a luggage train which was about to start.

He caught a regular train at the junction some distance from Cernay and reached Paris late at night. The first page of his paper had been made up, but the importance of the news he brought was such that the press was reopened, and the next morning Paris was made acquainted through one paper only with the indisputable evidence of the guilt of Troppmann.

The Best Result:

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind. It is powerful to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, every thing is carefully watched with a view to obtaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

THE ABUSE OF COFFEE.

How the Women of Essen are Affected by Drinking Coffee to Excess.

Much has been said, says the *British Medical Journal*, concerning the undoubtedly evil effects of excessive tea-drinking. Dr. F. Mendel has recently enjoyed opportunities of studying the results of an unbridled abuse of coffee, and his results are now published. The great industrial center round Essen includes a very large female population.

While the women of the working classes in this country are often addicted to dosing themselves with tea, that has practically no part in the habits of the workmen's wives at Essen drink coffee from morning till night. Some consume over a pound of Ceylon coffee weekly, and one pound contains over sixty-four grains of caffeine. In consequence, nervous, muscular and circulatory disturbances are frequent. The nerve symptoms are characterized by a feeling of general weakness, depression of spirits and aversion for labor, even in industrious subjects, with headache and insomnia. A strong dose of coffee causes the temporary disappearance of all these symptoms.

The muscular symptoms consist of distinct muscular weakness and trembling of the hands, even during rest. The circulatory symptoms are marked by a small, rapid, irregular pulse and feeble impulse of the apex of the heart. Palpitation and heaviness at the precordial region are frequent. The hands and feet feel very cold, and the complexion becomes sallow. Dyspeptic symptoms, chiefly of the nervous type, are very common. Acne rosacea is seen in a large number of the sufferers. These coffee-drinkers cannot be cured by simple abstention from their favorite drink with substitution of milk as a beverage. They require rest from work, open-air exercise, cold ablutions, followed by friction, and small doses of brandy. Care must be taken, especially when a large body of working-women are under the care of a medical officer, lest the first and last items of treatment do not lead to malingering.

NEW YORK ROOFS.

Thousands Use Them as Playgrounds and Bed Rooms.

The other day the newspapers told the story of how some girls on one roof flirted with a young man on another roof, and how the young man, in endeavoring to go from his roof to theirs, slipped and fell—into eternity. To how many, even in New York, did that news paragraph suggest the important part the roofs play in this city. We have all heard of the roofs of Jerusalem—much the finest features of the town no doubt—yet the whole of Jerusalem is a trifle compared to the life on the roofs of New York. In a place where land is valued as it is on this island, there is a great city under ground and a great fraction of the life of the place is spent on the roofs.

In the summer the tenement roofs are the pleasure resorts of the poor. Beginning at Baxter street and continuing north to Harlem, on the East Side, the demand for sleeping places on the cool and breezy roofs is so great that only first comers find places—the tardy ones find no sleeping room left. It has always been astonishing to me that no artist nor literary man has ever given us a picture of a mid-summer night scene on a roof, say in Mangler, or Forsyth or Mulberry streets. The crowding of the sleepers, their light attire, particularly that of the men and boys, and the discomfort the scene suggests would open the eyes of *Chatter's* readers to conditions they never dreamed had existed.—[Chatter.

Russian Secrets.

To a free and above-country like this, the secrecy observed in the war and navy departments of foreign powers is, to say the least, quite interesting. For instance, Russia is about to spend $7,000,000 on a long desired naval station in the Baltic. To keep Germany from knowing the plans, stragetic and otherwise, not a German will be employed in the works nor be allowed to visit the locality.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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The Costive Habit,

So called, is usually induced by neglecting to secure a regular daily movement of the bowels. To remedy this habit, all harsh and violent purgatives should be avoided, as they tend to weaken the excretory organs, and so confirm the trouble rather than cure it. The safest and most effective remedy is Ayer's Pills, which are strengthening as well as cathartic.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effective cathartic."—John M. Boggs, 807 W. Chestnut st., Louisville, Ky.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—William R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—William H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ontario.

"During the past 28 years I have used Ayer's Pills, successf

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1890.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss the Tariff fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the Pension Question; and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the Farmers' Interests, by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states. Especially should our friends in Indiana see that it is widely read all over that state, the home of our President, and which will be desperately fought for by the free traders on that account.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. Write to us for campaign terms!

THE ANTI-TRUST BILL.

A correspondent asks for the facts concerning the Sherman anti-trust bill. It was passed by the Senate and sent to the House. On April 30 the committee reported a substitute therefor, which after discussion and some amendment, was passed. The amended substitute is now pending in the Senate. The House substitute is herewith synopsized:

It declares to be illegal every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce among the several states, or with foreign countries; and provides that any person who shall make any such contract or engage in such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and a conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both, in the discretion of the court. The same punishment is prescribed for persons convicted of monopolizing or attempting to monopolize, or combining or conspiring with other persons to monopolize, any part of the trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations.

Contracts or combinations, in form of trusts or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce, in the territories or District of Columbia, are also declared to be unlawful. The United States District courts are invested with jurisdiction to prevent violations of the act, and the district attorneys are required to institute proceedings against offenders. The property of trusts in transportation from one state to another, or to a foreign country, is subjected to forfeiture to the United States. Persons injured by the trusts are allowed to sue and recover threefold the damages sustained from the trust. The amendment adopted reads:

"Every contract or agreement entered into for the purpose of preventing competition in the sale or purchase of any commodity transported from one state or territory for sale in another, or to prevent competition in the transportation of persons or property from one state or territory into another, shall be deemed unlawful in the meaning of this act.

"*Provided*, That the contracts here enumerated shall not be construed to exclude any other contract or agreement declared unlawful in this act."

Care has been taken, in preparing this measure, to bring every provision within the well-recognized powers of Congress in regard to inter-state commerce. It is perhaps as stringent a measure as can be enforced. So far as the organization of trusts within a state, whose objects do not refer to articles of inter-state commerce, is concerned, that is a matter solely within the powers of the state itself. Congress has no constitutional authority to legislate on that subject. The only grant of power it has in the field of operations of trusts is the clause in the constitution empowering it to regulate commerce among the states and with foreign countries. What action the Senate will take on this bill can not yet be told.

REPRESENTATIVE BOUTELLE, of Maine, has introduced a bill adding a section to the inter-state commerce law, reading thus: "That nothing contained in this act shall be construed to authorize the sale or traffic in intoxicating liquor in any state contrary to the laws thereof." This section would be practically a grant of power by Congress to the States to prohibit, if they saw fit, and would at once remove the obstacle to prohibition set up by the recent Supreme court decision. The bill should pass promptly.

FOR years the people have murmured at the slow movements of Congress, due to the waste of time in long speeches and windy debate. Now that the new rules of the House enable this to be shut off, the Democrats are howling themselves hoarse. Nobody minds them, however, and the people of the country are glad to have business expedited.

THE Senate committee on pensions took up the Morrill pension bill as it came from the House, but postponed formal action until its next meeting. It is said, however, that the members are unanimous in opposition to it, and will recommend non-concurrence. That will throw the bill into a conference committee of the two houses.

THE man who ferried JOHN WILKES BOOTH across the Potomac is going into the show business and will carry his boat for exhibition. He will also tell his story. Naturally he will work the South, and his opening date is in Atlanta, Ga.

POPE LEO XIII is reported as saying that if he had his choice, he would select America as his home. There is no objection to his coming here, provided he becomes an American citizen.

☞ *We will gladly send sample copies of The Blade free to any one. Send us in lists of names of your neighbors and friends who are not subscribers, that we may mail them samples.*

CONGRESS MUST NEUTRALIZE THE LIQUOR DECISION.

The discussion of the recent decision of the United States Supreme court in the Iowa case, which rules that the importation of liquors from one state into another can not be interfered with by the latter's laws, because the power to so legislate is not in the state, but is granted to Congress in the clause of the national constitution giving that body power to regulate commerce between the states, has aroused much interest, and a vast deal of discussion—the most of which is profitless. We believe the decision of the majority of the Supreme court to be erroneous in that it fails recognize the fact that the "police power" of the state is one that must be exercised for the best welfare of the inhabitants, and that a law, which is clearly a necessary use of this police power, to prevent the bringing in of an article the sale of which is against the law of that state, is not really a regulation of inter-state commerce in the sense that the grant of power in the constitution means. The same ruling would allow the importation of diseased cattle, in spite of a state law, for instance, and preclude the legislature from protecting the herds of its inhabitants from infection from cattle fever, and the consequent loss of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable stock.

The more the majority decision is examined, the deeper the impression becomes that it is unwise and contrary to the spirit of the constitution itself. It was dictated by a slavish obedience of the written letter of that instrument, and a consequent lack of consideration of the real intent and meaning of the clause of the constitution upon which it is based. A close study of the decision impresses us with the view that it necessarily concerns states which have high license as well as those with prohibition laws. It seems to us to bear just as directly upon the restrictive features of all license laws as upon the execution of prohibitory statutes, and to be a severe blow at this hitherto unquestioned exercise of the police powers of the states. We may be in error as to its bearing upon the licensed traffic, but the italicized portions of the following quotation from the dissenting opinion read by Justice GRAY clearly give color to our inference:

If the statutes of a state *restricting or prohibiting* the sale of intoxicating liquors within its territory shall be held inoperative and void as applied to liquors sent or brought from another state, and sold by the importer in what are called original packages, the consequence must be that the *inhabitant of any state may, under the protect of interstate commerce, and that without license or supervision of any public authority, carry, or send into or sell* in any or all of the other states of the Union intoxicating liquors, of whatever description, in cases or casks, or even in single bottles or flasks, despite any legislation of those states on the subject, and although his own state should be the only one which had not enacted similar laws.

This was carefully considered before being written, and must be given great weight. The "original package" may be anything that is sealed, in Justice GRAY's view, including single bottles or flasks, no matter how small. A man may set up business as an "importer," in a high license state, and sell these "original packages," dealing exclusively in the bottles and flasks of liquor which he has sent to him from another state, and this without paying license. If the view of the minority opinion quoted above be correct, then the majority decision deals as severe a blow to the regulation of the rum traffic by high license as it does to its suppression by state prohibition or local option.

But the majority decision must stand; therefore, as this condition of affairs will be simply intolerable, a remedy must be sought. What shall it be? Our third party friends cry "national Prohibition." We should be glad to see national Prohibition, and that advanced stage of public sentiment which would support its strict enforcement. But national Prohibition is simply impossible at present. Look back over the past, and note the growth of the Prohibition idea. It has been slow, we are sorry to say. It is growing, but not fast enough to make it a possibility in the entire nation for many years. This will be seen by recalling the legal steps which are absolutely necessary to take before we can have national Prohibition.

Congress has no power to pass a national prohibitory law. It requires an amendment to the federal constitution. Now, what is the method of amending the constitution? First, a joint resolution proposing an amendment must be passed by Congress, but it must receive a two-thirds vote in both houses; that is, two-thirds of the members of the House and two-thirds of the Senate. It then goes to the states; and it must be ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states, before it becomes operative as part of the federal constitution. There are 42 states; therefore it would require the ratification by the legislatures of 32 states to make it effective.

Now it requires no argument to show that, even were a resolution for a prohibitory amendment to be passed by the requisite majority of both houses of Congress—which is not probable—it would stand no chance of adoption by the legislatures of 32 states. As matters stand now, we would not be certain of the necessary vote in more than three state legislatures. We regret that this is so, but it is, and there is no good end to be subserved by any one wilfully closing his eyes to the plain fact. National prohibition is an impracticable thing at the present time. Hence another solution for the difficulty must be found.

The decision prevents the proper regulation or the suppression of the liquor traffic by the states. It still allows the state to suppress the saloon, but not to stop the sale of liquor. The thing that is required is that the states shall be given authority to deal with the rum traffic in any way they see fit. It is clearly within the power of Congress to enact a law which will require that importers of intoxicating liquors into any state should have the right to dispose of the same only by compliance with whatever regulations or restrictions are binding upon the citizens of that state under its laws. To this extent liquors should be taken out from the subjects of interstate commerce and brought under state legislation. The anomaly which permits a non-resident a privilege not given to a resident should be eliminated without delay. This alternative is clearly pointed out by the Supreme court itself when it says that

The responsibility is upon Congress, so far as the regulation of interstate commerce is concerned, to remove the restrictions upon the state dealing with imported articles of trade within its limits which have not been mingled with the common mass of property therein, if, in its judgment, the end to be secured justifies and requires such action.

Congress such accept this responsibility promptly, and remove the restriction placed upon the states by this extraordinary decision, by giving the states the requisite power to deal with the rum traffic as they shall see fit. Either of the bills introduced by Mr. KERR, of Iowa, or Mr. BOUTELLE, of Maine, in the House, would effect this. It is a matter which injuriously affects those states which have high license laws as well as those which have prohibition. There should work be set on foot in every state to petition Congress to pass the necessary law at its present session. The demand should be so overwhelming that it must be acceded to. The ground lost must be regained, or a severe blow will be given to the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

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A Handsome Illustrated Book, Worth $3.50, Given to Blade Subscribers for Simply Cost of Postage and Mailing.

We have ordered from the publishers, newly printed and bound, an edition of 5,000 copies of "NASBY IN EXILE," the last and best work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE issued in book form, which we propose to present to BLADE readers at a nominal price. "Nasby in Exile" is a complete history of Mr. LOCKE's travels in Europe, not long preceding his death. It was published at great expense, the illustrations, which were drawn and engraved especially for it, alone costing nearly $3,000.

The volume is a large octavo, printed on a superior quality of book paper, containing about 700 pages, and several hundred illustrations. It is one of the best descriptive books since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad," and its equal in merit, if not its superior, as it has the advantage of being much later and newer. The edition is now in the binders' hands; they are not dusty, shopworn volumes, but fresh and new.

The actual cost to us per volume (with wrapping and postage), as from the original investment of several thousand dollars for the plates and illustrations, is 86 cents each. The retail price at any bookstore for a volume of this size and quality would be $3.00 to $3.50 each, without postage. We believe every reader of the BLADE who has not yet obtained it will desire a copy at the absurdly low price we now place upon it, and we hope to dispose of our 5,000 edition during June and July.

Now for a Remarkable Offer:

We propose to send postpaid by mail, to any subscriber or reader of this proposition, a copy of this book, "Nasby in Exile," with the Weekly BLADE for six months, for only ONE DOLLAR. The price of the Weekly BLADE for six months is 60 cents; and by taking this from $1, you can see this only leaves 40 cents for the book; and as the postage on each one is 22 cents, and the wrapping and mailing cost a few cents, we only get about 15 cents each for them. Our object is to give the book a wide circulation, as well as to favor our patrons. THE BLADE takes opportunity, whenever offered, of giving its subscribers such favors as it can, without profit. Any one who has been a subscriber for the past four or five years has had the opportunity to realize benefits, other than reading the paper itself, which more than repaid the price of THE BLADE.

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FIRST—Any one not a subscriber, whose attention is called to this offer, has only to remit $1, and say in his letter he wants the Weekly BLADE six months and a copy of "Nasby in Exile;" the paper will begin to come at once, and the book be sent postpaid by mail promptly, as soon as the order is received.

SECOND—Every person now a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE can get a neighbor to subscribe for six months; he can add enough to the latter to make up $1, and we will send the book to him and the Weekly BLADE to any address ordered, whether at his own postoffice or some other. We would like to have every present subscriber who desires the book obtain it in this way, as our object in this offer is to increase the circulation of the Weekly BLADE.

THIRD—If not convenient to obtain a new subscriber, we will send the book to any present subscriber who sends $1, and will *extend his subscription* for six months longer.

If ever so liberal an offer has been made by any publisher in the United States, we have yet to hear it. We firmly believe no *bona fide* offer was ever made that gave so much value for so little money as that we give above. We have made preparations to mail the books, as fast as orders are received, at the rate of several hundred per day. We ask every BLADE reader to show this offer to his friends and neighbors, and aid us in having the books promptly taken. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents, but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now ordered a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to *present* to new subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but *not* in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for 3 months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be *sure* to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We hope to dispose of this 10,000 by June 10, and ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE Democrats in Congress are going to violently oppose the bills to admit Idaho and Wyoming to statehood. Their ostensible grounds are the woman suffrage clause in the Wyoming constitution, and the disfranchisement of Mormon polygamists in that of Idaho. These are but pretexts, of course. They are battling against these new states, as they did against the Dakotas—because they wish to disfranchise the inhabitants till after the next Presidential election.

WHAT is the use of the Democrats in the House demanding weeks of profitless debate on the McKinley tariff bill? If the tariff question were a new one there would be some pertinency in such a demand; but it has been discussed for weeks in the three last Congresses; the people understand what the McKinley bill provides for, and elected a majority of the present House in order to pass such a bill. Push it through, and be done with it.

THE BENJAMIN HARRISON War Veterans' Association of Brooklyn has changed its name to the ABRAHAM LINCOLN Association. THE BLADE has before remarked that there was magic in the name of LINCOLN, and between now and the Republican convention in '92 that fact will be more apparent to the country at large.

CLEVELAND has written to a Maryland free trade club that "it is a glorious thing to be a true Democrat in these days." As CLEVELAND'S life is made miserable these days by the New York *Sun*, he certainly cannot consider himself as a "true Democrat."

HENRI WATTERSON wants an "honest New South." It won't be honest, HENRI, till every man who is a citizen under the constitution can vote as he wishes and have his vote honestly counted.

TO REVIVE OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

Two bills are now pending in the Senate which are of great importance—for upon the adoption by the government of the policy outlined therein depends the rehabilitation of our merchant marine. Great Britain, France and in fact all other nations which are pursuing an aggressive commercial policy, subsidize their steamer lines; and if we wish to compete with them, we must follow the same course.

The first is Senator FRYE'S bill for carrying our mails in American vessels and under the American flag.

It authorizes the Postmaster General to make contracts for a term of ten years with American citizens for carrying the United States mails in American steamships between ports of the United States and ports of foreign nations. It provides that the steamships so employed shall be built in the United States, owned and officered by American citizens, and upon each departure from the United States shall, during the first two years of a mail contract, take a crew, at least one-fourth of whom shall be American citizens; during the next three years one-third, and during the remaining time of the continuance of the contract not less than one-half.

It divides the steamships into four classes, the first capable of maintaining a speed of twenty knots an hour at sea in ordinary weather and of a gross registered tonnage of not less than 8,000 tons; that only this class shall be employed by the Postmaster General for the carrying of mails between the United States and Great Britain. The second class shall be of iron or steel steamships capable of maintaining a speed of sixteen knots an hour, of not less than 5,000 tons; the third class, iron or steel steamships capable of maintaining a speed of fourteen knots an hour, of not less than 2,500 tons; the fourth class iron, steel or wooden steamships capable of maintaining a speed of twelve knots an hour, of not less than 1,500 tons.

It provides that all steamships of the first three classes hereafter built shall be constructed with particular reference to prompt and economical construction into naval cruisers, and shall be of sufficient strength to carry four effective rifled cannon of a calibre of not less than six inches and be of the highest rating known to maritime commerce.

The compensation provided for is $6 a mile for first class ships and $3 a mile for second class by the shortest practicable route, for each outward voyage; for the third class, $1.50; for the fourth class $1 a mile for the actual number of miles required by the Postoffice department to be traveled on each outward-bound voyage.

The second bill referred to is a tonnage measure, and it provides that the government shall pay 30 cents a ton for every 1,000 miles sailed by American ships, of 500 and upwards, owned and officered by American citizens. It also authorizes the government to take possession of any or all ships taking advantage of its provisions.

Should these measures be enacted into laws, the result will be a steady and rapid increase in American shipping, and a vast extension of our shipbuilding industries. Within the next decade we will have a first-class merchant navy, greater than that we possessed at the outbreak of the rebellion, which can be (as is the case with the English merchant marine) turned, in case of war, into a formidable auxiliary navy. The millions of dollars now paid every year to foreign shipowners for freight and passenger transportation, will be kept at home, and the stars and stripes will be supreme on the high seas. Furthermore, there is no other practicable method of attaining these results than that contained in these two bills.

DR. CARLIN'S "RECIPES" ALL OUT.

We have just closed out the edition of "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," recently offered in these columns. Do not order any more. The same will be true of "Andersonville" after about 30 days.

MILLS ON SUGAR.

That notorious demagogue, MILLS, in his alleged reply to MCKINLEY'S opening speech on the tariff bill in the House, showed either his ignorance or his demagogy clearly in the following remark:

Why did not the committee treat sugar as it treated woolen goods and cotton goods and iron goods? Why did it not put a protective duty on sugar and compel its production in this country, and carry out the protective policy?

If MILLS has the ability of an ordinary schoolboy, he knows that for years the duty on sugar has been high enough to foster production up to the complete supply of our own needs, if it were possible to raise that quantity; he also knows that there is a very limited area near the mouth of the Mississippi whose soil and climate will allow cane to be raised profitably, and that it is the climate which prevents us raising all the sugar we need. And he knows that, the production of our sugar being impossible, the duty on it is not protective, but revenue, and a simple tax on the consumer, which a protective duty is not. The committee did wisely in lifting a burden of between 55 and 60 million dollars yearly off the people, and substituting a bounty to sugar growers, which will be ample to foster the experimental growth of sorghum and sugar-beets in the West, and be as good for the Louisiana planters as the present duty. Mr. MILLS is badly mistaken if he considers the people to be fools.

WE print to-day the statement of Mr. FRED CRAWFORD in regard to the now famous CLEVELAND interview. Mr. CRAWFORD declares that Mr. CLEVELAND said substantially everything quoted in that interview, and adds that the ex-President made use of many expressions that are unprintable. THE BLADE has before remarked that, in a question of veracity, Mr. CRAWFORD is more entitled to belief than the ex-President, and this statement confirms that opinion. It looks as if the New York *World* and Mr. CLEVELAND were in a very bad hole.

THE New York *Evening Post's* Wash ington correspondent puts the case as regards Indian Commissioner MORGAN very truthfully as well as compactly in the following paragraph:

He has simply followed one steady course with all denominations, Protestant and Catholic, demanding that the rudiments of a plain English education shall be given to the Indian children, and that in the schools school work shall not be set aside for church work. The sturdy fight he made some months ago against domination by political and sectarian influences from outside has had the effect of ridding him of much annoyance and many hindrances to his legitimate duties.

AT Coloma, California, on May 3, a statue was unveiled of JAMES WILSON MARSHALL, the man who found the first gold in that state, in the tail-race of Capt. SUTTER'S sawmill, on January 18, 1848. The statue overlooks the spot on which the find was made. MARSHALL was born in New Jersey in 1812, and died at Coloma in 1865. The Californians honor themselves in thus doing justice to the memory of the humble discoverer.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that those Democratic leaders who were better than their party—COX, RANDALL and BECK—are dead. This is rather hard on the "Stuffed Prophet of William street," as the New York *Sun* calls Lawyer CLEVELAND.

FREE TRADE FALSEHOODS.

The free trade papers just now are teeming with paragraphs that are palpably untrue in their deductions, concerning the McKinley tariff bill. For instance:

The McKinley bill will impose a tax of from two dollars to two dollars and a half on every ton of manufactured fertilizers used by our farmers. [It taxes sulphuric acid used in making fertilizers that much.]

The farmers use 2,000,000 tons of fertilizers a year. The bill, therefore, proposes to rob the farmers of more than $4,000,000 annually. At present the sulphuric acid used in the manufacture of fertilizers is free. Very little is imported.

Well, if we are manufacturing nearly all the sulphuric acid needed, how on earth is the price going to increase? The effort of the bill will be to enlarge the output of acid so that none will need to be imported, and there will be no advance in the price of fertilizer. Any one can see this with half an eye.

There is a duty of 55 per cent on the commonest imported white plates, cups and saucers, and other tableware. If the crockery is decorated it is taxed 60 per cent. In other words, the price of the goods is increased over one-half by the tariff. If there were no tax the price of what now costs $1.55 to $1.60 would be only $1. The farmer's wife who buys $5 worth of imported crockery pays a tax of at least $1.75 to the government.

Well, why don't she buy American-made crockery, and thus avoid paying the duty on imported ware? The American is equal to any china-ware made in the world, in all respects. We make some $10,000,000 worth a year, and import about half that much—which is nearly all of the very finest decorated ware, used only by the wealthy. Competition among our manufacturers has run the price of the American ware down to the lowest point it ever reached. Compare the prices now with what they were in 1860, when we had no manufactories here, and you will see how protection has cheapened it. Had the tariff not started the industry here, we would be paying double what we now are for all such ware, and the money would all go abroad to pay foreign manufacturers for it.

The man who puts a tin roof on his house now has to pay a fine of 32 per cent to the government—the increased cost of the tin-plate arising from the tariff duty.

The above is true, for there having been no tin-plate manufactories for the past eighteen years in this country, the duty is paid by the user of tin-plate; there is no domestic competition to reduce the price, and the British tin trust has a monopoly of our market. But the paper from which the above was quoted goes on to say:

After the McKinley bill shall have gone into complete operation the fine will be increased to 72 per cent.

This is all wrong. Manufacturers are getting ready to go into tin-plate manufacturing, making the iron plates of American iron by American labor, and coating them over with tin mined in Dakota by American workingmen. The result will be, as soon as they get to work, that the millions we now spend in buying tin plate of the British trust will be spent right here at home; next, competition among one manufacturers will keep the price down, and everybody be benefited except the foreign tin trust.

EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE.

THE BLADE has already spoken of Mr. JOHN G. CARLISLE'S candidacy for the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Mr. BECK, and has expressed the opinion that he would not be successful. The statement that Mr. CARLISLE was in such a condition at the funeral of Mr. BECK that he had to be cared for by his friends, furnishes additional ground for believing that he will not be selected as Mr. BECK'S successor. The cry of some Democrats that Mr. CARLISLE is needed in the House and cannot be spared for promotion to the Senate, is all bosh. Mr. CARLISLE is not needed anywhere. He is not fit to be in either branch of Congress. His reputation for ability rests upon no more stable foundation than does that of his devoted friend and admirer GROVER CLEVELAND; while the personal habits of the two are equally bad.

CLEVELAND, when President, would have placed CARLISLE upon the Supreme bench had not notice been served upon him that in the event of the Kentuckian's nomination, all his escapades and disgraceful orgies, which had been mercifully kept out of print out of regard for the estimable lady who bears his name, would be made public and his confirmation made impossible. Mr. CARLISLE has for a long time been ambitious for a seat in the Senate. He was a candidate at the time Senator BLACKBURN was elected and if the late Senator BECK could have secured a promise from the Governor of Kentucky of Mr. CARLISLE'S appointment he would have resigned in order that the ex-Speaker might be his successor.

Now, when Mr. BECK dies, the first thing that Mr. CARLISLE does is to yield to his appetite for liquor, and make a disgraceful exhibition of himself at the obsequies of the man who was his warm personal friend. The fact that a man drinks, or gets drunk, is not scored against him in Kentucky, but Mr. CARLISLE'S indulgences, at times, are something that shock even Kentuckians, and if the legislature should elect him to a seat in the highest legislative branch of the government, he would bring disgrace and reproach upon a state which has been represented by some of the most brilliant men in the history of the country.

THE Panama canal scheme is dead. The French commission, sent out by the government to examine the work and report thereon, declares that it will require $97,000,000 for the actual work needed to complete the canal with locks, and that the necessary additional expenses, including management and interest, will bring this up to the enormous total of $180,000,000. To raise this sum is impossible, and the canal will doubtless be abandoned as an utter failure. Meanwhile work progresses merrily on the Nicaragua canal, which will be in use long before the present century ends.

WE think the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is a truthful prophet in this prediction:

If the prohibition question comes into national politics, as it may do on account of the Supreme court original package decision, it will be dealt with by the two big organizations; and the Prohibition party of St. John and Fisk will be as dead as the old anti-Masonic party of William Wirt and Thurlow Weed.

IN about three weeks Oregon will have an election at which a governor, minor state officers, a legislature, and member of the Fifty-second Congress will be chosen. The legislature will elect a United States Senator to succeed JOHN H. MITCHELL and the campaign now under way is said to be quite lively.

JUDGE TOURGEE, speaking of the proposed federal election bill, makes the truthful and telling assertion that "no party every suffered defeat by insisting on fresh safeguards to the political rights of the citizens." No honest voter has any reason to fear a federal election law.

IF any evidence is needed that the MCKINLEY tariff bill is in the interest of the American industries and American workingmen it is to be found in the fierce opposition of the importers representing foreign manufacturers.

DEMOCRATIC programme for the coming Congressional campaign—"fool the farmers!"

THE NEW TARIFF BILL EXPLAINED.

The debate in the House on the McKinley tariff bill began on May 8. The consideration of the river and harbor bill and other measures was deferred in order that the revision of the tariff might be made before the close of the present fiscal year, June 30. The bill itself specifies that it shall go into effect on July 1, the first day of the new fiscal year. It is important, both as a matter of great convenience to the government officials, and as a means of determining the exact effect it will have upon the revenues, that the measure shall be enacted into law in time for it to go into operation with the beginning of the new account-year. According to the programme mapped out by the Republican caucus, it will reach a vote in the House on May 21. This will give the Senate over a month to consider it; and the President, we are assured, will be prompt in affixing his signature, which will complete its conversion into law.

Mr. MCKINLEY began the debate in a speech explanatory of the general features of the measure. It is given in full elsewhere in to-day's paper, and should be read by every one who desires an intelligent and intelligible statement of the tariff issue as it now stands before the people. That the verdict of the people at the national elections of 1888 endorsed the Republican tariff position is undeniable, and Major MCKINLEY shows how the present bill carries out the promises contained therein.

The bill both revises the tariff and reduces the revenue, at the same time preserving the "principle and purpose" of a protective policy. It has not been found practicable to entirely abolish the internal revenue system in order to preserve a protective policy, but all special internal revenue taxes are removed, the tobacco tax reduced, and all restrictions on the growing of tobacco removed—the reduction of the revenue by these changes being, in the committee's opinion, a little over $10,000,000.

The absurdity of the free trade cry that our manufacturers can not compete in foreign markets without free raw materials was clearly shown by Mr. KINLEY. He pointed out that the present law allows them to import foreign raw material, manufacture it up into goods for the foreign trade, and upon actual export receive a drawback of 99 per cent. of the duty paid on the raw material. The bill now increases this drawback to 99 per cent.; and it certainly seems that if free raw material is a desideratum for manufacturers for export, they should be able to compete when they have within 1 per cent. of it. This provision applies to everything—wool included; and certainly it disposes of one of the most persistent pleas of the free traders.

Mr. MCKINLEY shows that the thorough revision of the schedule of agricultural products will stop the import of some $25,000,000 annually, largely supplied at present by Canada, and adding that much to the amount the country will purchase of our own farmers in the West; thus giving the latter increased ability to meet their mortgages, and relieving to a considerable extent the depression in the farming interest.

It is also a matter of interest to know that the bill prevents the importation of foreign manufactured articles copying popular American brands, labels, etc., by a provision requiring all imported goods to bear a stamp or mark showing in what country they are made.

Mr. MCKINLEY closed his splendid presentation of the merits of the bill by pointing out the errors of the Democrats in regard to protection. He showed the fallacy of the cry for the foreign market—that they are really as accessible to our manufacturers under this bill as under absolute free trade. He pointed out that all the organized opposition to the present bill comes from the importers of foreign goods, simply because it will decrease their imports and afford a market for that much more American-made goods. He referred to the historical fact that during the times we have had low tariffs—those "for revenue only"—we imported more than we exported, and paid the difference in gold—an unhealthy state of affairs; that now we are exporting more than we import, and receiving hat balance, therefore growing richer. He showed that from 1870 to 1880 Great Britain lost 13 per cent of her commerce, while we gained 22 per cent.

Another clever hit was his showing up of the "per cent" argument on the tariff. "The Democrats look at the per cent, the Republicans at the prices," is as true and as sententious as President HARRISON'S characterization of the free traders as "students of maxims, not of markets." The bill, as he truly says, is an American bill, made for American interests; the foreign press and people are hostile to it because it is in the interests of the people of this country, rather than of themselves. There is no nation in this world that legislates for the interests of other people than its own; and that is practically what the free trade doctrinaires of the United States desire to do.

"ANDERSONVILLE" GOING FAST.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 800 copies. Therefore, but 500 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 500 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

A WILD-EYED free trade editor, who is bitterly opposing the Frye bill, says that it might cause ships to be built, but there is no commerce for them to carry. He should look at the figures before making such an assertion. The fact is that our foreign commerce is larger to-day than it ever was before in our national history, and because of our lack of ships we are paying $180,000,000 to $200,000,000 annually to foreign shipowners, which will be kept in this country under the operation of the Frye bill.

THE free trade Democratic organs have for years insisted that the tariff fosters trusts, and that the way to kill the latter is to cut down the tariff. But now that the McKinley bill proposes to cut down the sugar duty, these papers protest in chorus against the reduction. Are they in the employ of the Sugar trust, or were they insincere in declaring that the tariff fosters trusts?

THE President has signed the bill classifying worsted as woolens in imports passing through the custom-houses. A fruitful source of dispute in the payment of duties is removed by this law.

AN ATTRACTIVE STORY,

ON A NEW AND NOVEL LINE.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we have made arrangements to have written for THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, whose movements turn upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

The story is not yet all written, but its plan and scope are fully known to us, and we believe that our readers will be deeply interested. It will give them new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given in a few weeks, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

ARKANSAS ELECTION FRAUDS.

Whether the Congressional investigating committee at Little Rock succeeds in ascertaining who killed CLAYTON or not, it has already found out that CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE holds a seat in the national House to which the slaughtered CLAYTON was really elected. Nearly 200 citizens in two townships in Woodruff county have testified that they voted for CLAYTON; while their numbered ballots, produced from the ballot-boxes, had "pasters" with BRECKINRIDGE'S name placed over CLAYTON'S, and were counted for him.

Three distinct modes of fraud have already been discovered—first the substitution of Democratic for Republican tickets, done by the judges themselves; second the use of Democratic pasters on Republican tickets, as in the 200 cases mentioned above; third, the voting of Democratic tickets in the names of dead or absent voters. Yet with all these frauds, BRECKINRIDGE had, on the face of the returns, only 846 plurality in a total vote of almost 35,000; hence it seems a plain case that CLAYTON was elected instead of BRECKINRIDGE, and that the latter has no legal claim to the seat he occupies.

He should be promptly ousted, and a special election be called to choose a Representative to fill the vacancy caused by the murder of CLAYTON. And steps should be taken to see that the honest will of the voters of the district, as expressed by their ballots, shall not be thwarted by the scoundrelism of Bourbon election officials. In the light of the developments made by the investigation, the adoption of a federal election law seems to be the plain duty of Congress—not to fraudulently choose Republicans, but to see that there is a fair election and an honest count, and that the man, be he Democrat or Republican, who receives the largest vote shall receive the position to which he was elected.

THE failure of the Ripper legislature to pass the Ryan bill, amending the Owen law so as to allow cities, if they wish, to allow open saloons on Sunday, is a very sore spot with the Democratic liquor interest of Ohio, and all over the Union. The Cincinnati *Volksfreund*, German Democratic, says:

Governor Campbell is taken severely to task by the Washington *Sentinel* because he has acted such a miserable part in the agitation relative to the modification of the Sunday closing law. Every person knows that Mr. Campbell mainly owes his election to the independent German element, which wanted to punish the Republican party for having made too large concessions to the fanatics. Mr. Campbell, however, has never thought of giving any public recognition to the fact. He is all the time hargling on the tariff question, which has just as much to do with the result of the last fall election as the man in the moon. Mr. Campbell must be a very poor politician if he still thinks he can in such a manner have any success hereafter in Ohio.

THE people of New York, who have the custody of Gen GRANT'S remains, ought to feel greatly ashamed of their masterly inactivity and miserable meanness when they think of the enthusiasm shown by the people of Richmond over the statue to Gen. LEE which is to be dedicated this month.

IT is rumored that Gen. VON CAPRIVI will soon resign the German chancellorship. He is said not to be in sympathy with the officials under him and to be nervous and irritable in disposition. In fact those who are brought into the closest relations with him assert that he has von caprivicious temper.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

RALEIGH, N. C., will celebrate its centennial this year. A great smoke will be in order, as the town was named after Sir Walter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

CLEVELAND'S LATEST.

MR. CLEVELAND has written another letter. This announcement is not of the nature of news, because ever since MR. CLEVELAND left the White House so reluctantly in 1889, he has been consumed with an overmastering desire to get back, and has been writing letters whenever a pretext was given, with the view of keeping himself before the people as an aspirant for a renomination. The present letter is in reply to an Iowa man's request for his views on the declaration of principles of the Farmers' Alliance. Mr. CLEVELAND indorses it in full, as might be expected; for when a man gets the presidential craze, he will indorse anything and everything that he thinks may catch votes, whether he believes in it or not. But he does not discuss it; instead, he devotes his letter to an attack on the protective system, although there is not one word concerning the tariff in the Alliance platform submitted to him.

The letter is therefore interesting simply because it shows that Mr. CLEVELAND, like a true Bourbon, learns nothing. The arguments for free trade he presents therein are unchanged from those of his famous message. They are the same that were used by the free traders here a half-century ago, showing that Mr. CLEVELAND does not read protectionist literature, and is wofully ignorant of the protectionist position. For instance, he says that "the plea that infant industries need protection * * is a hollow pretext."

No protectionist writer or statesman has made such a plea for twenty years or so, and Mr. CLEVELAND ought to know it. Nobody advocates protection to "infant industries." It is advocated because it keeps money at home, increases the markets for our farmers by enlarging the number of consumers of their products, because it increases competition in the production of manufactured goods instead of giving foreign manufacturers a monopoly, and is in all respects the best policy for all classes of our people, including the farmers.

Mr. CLEVELAND also shows his utter ignorance of what he is talking about when he says the farmers are "purchasers and consumers of numberless things enhanced in cost by tariff regulations." Why didn't he point out some of these "numberless" things? We have tried time and again, to get some free trader to specify these things which it is alleged farmers are paying more for because of the tariff, but there is a strange backwardness about furnishing a list. In point of fact, it can't be done.

Some friend of "the Stuffed Prophet of Williams street," as the Democratic New York *Sun* endearingly calls Mr. CLEVELAND, should insist on his perusing some modern work on protection, in order that he might see that protectionists do not stand upon the ground he thinks, and that his stock arguments for free trade are contradicted by existing facts. In short, Mr. CLEVELAND should not study free trade maxims, but the actual markets, thus avoiding these displays of ignorance of which he is periodically guilty.

THE SILVER MARKET.

The current issue of *Bradstreet's* has an excellent synopsis of the movements in the silver markets of the world since it became evident that Congress will take some action in the matter at the present session. Previous to that time bar silver sold at 44 pence per ounce in London. Under the stimulus of the prospect of silver legislation, it advanced within a month to 48 pence, and though the Senate caucus has developed wide differences of opinion on the silver bill, the market still remains high, though subject to more or less fluctuation.

A word of explanation concerning silver quotations will be of interest. The English standard of bar silver is 925 fine—that is 925 parts of pure silver in every 1,000 in the bar, leaving 75 parts for impurities. The American standard is 999 fine; hence, if the London quotations were 46¼d. per ounce, and sterling exchange (demand) selling at 4.86, the New York price for silver would be $1.01 per ounce.

Several years ago an effort was made to speculate in silver on the New York Stock Exchange. Silver bullion of standard fineness was deposited in the vaults of a safe deposit company in that city, and negotiable warehouse receipts for it were issued, to be used in transactions on the Exchange. There was not much activity in them, however, and the eculative project has been a practical failure until the recent rise in silver because of impending legislation, when trading in these warehouse receipts became lively, from 50,000 to 250,000 ounces representing the daily transactions since that time.

The speculative advance in silver reached $1.07 per ounce on April 26, since when there has been a decline, the quotations last week ranging from $1.04⅝ to $1.01¾. There have been large deposits of bullion with the safe deposit company, and the 250,000 ounces in its vaults early in April had increased to 2,550,000 last week, to give a greater volume of receipts for speculative movements.

The result of this speculative movement has been that that the New York price is now above the London price, and the letter market now follows ours instead of leading it. On May 5, according to *Bradstreet's*, the London quotation was 46¾d. per ounce, equivalent to $1.02 per ounce in New York, while the warehouse receipts (or certificates) on the New York Stock Exchange ranged from $1.04½ to $1.05. In addition to this, between 250,000 and 300,000 ounces of silver have already reached here from Europe, with more on the way. Exports of our bullion are stopped because the London price is lower than ours, and the situation is thus seen to be very interesting.

What the outcome will be must depend upon the legislation of Congress. It is plain that the advance here is purely speculative, and can not hold its own long, in the face of the steady accumulation of bullion, due to imports and the stoppage of exports. The price here will fall to or below the London mark again, unless the silver measure is speedily enacted into law. What the result will be depends entirely upon the nature of the completed bill.

DEMOCRATIC papers are trying to make a point against President HARRISON, by asserting that the war veterans of Brooklyn will not invite him to review them on Decoration day because he dismissed Corporal TANNER from the head of the Pension office. The fact is, that the President has already agreed to be present at the unveiling of the Garfield statue in Cleveland on Decoration day, and it would be foolish for the war veterans of Brooklyn or any other city to invite him to review them on that day.

THOUGH Prince BISMARCK is out of politics just now, his judgment is just as good as ever. Speaking of the labor agitation, he says: "The end of strife would be the end of progress, and this is not the intention of Divine Providence."

EASTERN papers need not worry about the World's Fair. The Chicago boomers have stopped talking and gone to work, and will make the Fair the greatest success the world ever saw.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

TENTH PAPER.

Pension Matters in Statu Quo—The Senate's Probable Action.

The Morrill pension bill, which the House substituted for the dependent bill, will probably not be passed, in its present form, by the Senate. The provisions for the pensioning of those "suffering from mental or physical disability" will undoubtedly be retained; but as the placing of all soldiers upon the pension rolls as soon as they reach the age of 60, we doubt if the Senate will consent to that. The indications are that this provision will be materially changed by that body. The bill will have to then go to a conference committee, and no one can possibly predict the form it will take before that committee can agree, and consequently what it will be when enacted into law.

So far, the objection raised against it is that the thousands of men who bore the heat and burden, the privations and hardships of three or four years of the war receive no aid, while the greater portion of the men who will come under it—who are now 60 years old or over—are hundred-day men. There is a great deal of truth in this. While there are a considerable number of the veterans aged 60 or over who were among the three-year men, it is a fact that the later enlistments contained a large proportion of the older men of the country. The flower of the young men had gone into the army earlier in the struggle, and when short-time enlistments were called for, very many of the older class answered the call. These persons are now 60 or over, and under the Morrill bill will at once go on the pension rolls.

Now, we are not saying that this class of men should not have pensions—far from it. But we do say it is unjust, if only a part of the veterans are to have service pensions, that the bill therefor should be so drawn that the first beneficiaries should largely be made up of those who saw the shortest term of service. And we think that every soldier will agree with us in this. The bill should be so changed in the Senate as to remedy this.

But how can this be done? Simply by adopting the per diem plan. Our Washington correspondent declares that, in his opinion, the Senate will discuss the advisability of increasing the amount of monthly payments under the bill. Let it, then, adopt the per diem plan of fixing the amount to be paid to each beneficiary, either adopting the scheme of the Grand Army per diem bill, or some other. It will be remembered that all pensioners who served 800 days or less in the army were, under that bill, to receive $8 per month; and those who served over 800 days were to have added to that $8 a cent a day monthly for the time they served over 800 days.

For instance, take a man who served three years, or 1,095 days. He would receive $8 per month for the 800 days and $2.95 for the surplus days—giving him monthly $10.95. We have always been impressed by the justice of this measure, because it recognizes longer service by larger pay. Should the Senate conclude to adopt this provision in regard to all persons over 60 years of age, it would be better than the provision of the Morrill bill as it now stands, though by no means what we should like to see adopted.

In point of fact, the Senate should substitute a general service pension bill for the Morrill bill; but the chances that it will do so are very slight. However, there should be no relaxation of effort on the part of the friends of the veterans to secure such an end, if possible. We shall watch proceedings with a vigilant eye, and if there comes a time when prompt, united action on the part of THE BLADE'S constituency can be of any avail, we shall not hesitate to at once call on them to throw their strength in another appeal to the Senate, to the conference committee, or to the President, as the case may be.

Unity of action is a *sine qua non* of success in such a campaign as this. If our friends will note the fact, THE BLADE has never appealed in behalf of any one single measure, nor of any particular bill. Why? Perhaps now is as good a time as any other to mention this point. We carefully surveyed the whole field, ascertained as nearly as we could the drift of opinion in Congress, came to the conclusion that a general service pension bill is the only means of doing justice to the vast mass of the soldiers. Hence we devoted our efforts to the one end of bringing all available pressure to bear upon Congress for this one thing.

It was not necessary to define our views any clearer than this. Any one acquainted with modes of Congressional procedure knows that a bill of this sort would necessarily be modified largely in the two houses of Congress, and that it would retain but little of its original form by the time it became a law, if it reached that point. Hence we wasted no time on the details of a bill. Congress could be trusted to fix the amount and fill in the details.

The thing that was needed was to convince Congress that a *service pension* was the necessary thing. Until this was done, all else was foolishness. Had we been anxious to win a little cheap notoriety for THE BLADE, we would have drafted a bill, dubbed it "THE BLADE Pension Bill," got somebody to introduce it, and so on. We were not troubling ourselves about advertising THE BLADE. We knew that the soldiers and their friends would understand the hard, honest work we proposed to do in their behalf, and appreciate it, too. Hence we did not commit ourselves to any one bill, but put every energy at our command into the effort to convert Congress to the service pension *idea*. That done, a satisfactory bill would be forthcoming; no fear of that.

That THE BLADE'S work has been the most powerful ever done in Congress—a fact that is admitted even by those opposed to service pensions—is proof positive of the wisdom of our course. We shall continue to fight for the service pension *idea*, instead of for any particular bill, and ask our friends to join with us in our own peculiar line of work. The more men we can enlist as part of THE BLADE phalanx, the more efficient work we can do.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

About the Morrill Bill—The Pennsylvania Service Pension Bill.

One Man's View.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—I am for service pension first, last and all the time. What a shame and blunder, when the government permits itself to be browbeaten and driven from its duty by mugwumps, copperheads, traitors and "sich." Have about made up my mind not to vote any more, for politicians are too tricky for anything. Paupers? Were Grant, Logan, Sheridan and others paupers? Bah! Give 'em "fits" through THE BLADE.—Co. I, 160th N. Y.

A Kansas Opinion.

TALMO, KAN.—I see the Morrill bill has passed the House pensioning all old bummers at 60 years. Why not put it 70 or 80 years, and then we would be about all gone? To put it back to 50 years would be more like justice. It is a disgrace if this Congress passes the bill. I think it has dug its own grave. I am a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but my name is Dennis at next election.—J. P. P., Squad I, 116th Ohio.

A Case in Point.

PRAIRIE DEPOT, O.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and am much pleased with the stand you are taking for those who wore the blue. I served four years and three months, enlisting April 16, 1861, and was finally discharged July 27, 1865, having enlisted three times during the war. I was receiving $40 per month when I enlisted, went into the army and received $11. Now, how does Congress reward me for this service? They place me on the same level with the man who served 90 days, and perhaps received a large local bounty, while I never received one cent of local bounty. I do not believe any man who served the length of time I have served is able to make his living by any kind of labor, either manual or mental. The man who served 90 days probably can.

But the bill that has just passed the House places us on the same footing, giving each $8 per month if we live long enough to get anything. I will have to live nine years to get anything, being now about 51 years old. Now I presume our very astute Congressmen are able to see that few of the men who served through from first to last, will live until they reach age of 60. It looks a little to me as if they were legislating in such a way as to economize by wronging the very men who are most deserving. I think that the only bill yet proposed that will give satisfaction is the per diem bill. Would this bill cost the government any more than Morrill bill? Would it not be much more just? Most surely it would.—E. H. D., Co. A, 95th Ohio.

A Kentucky G. A. R. Post.

GEORGE'S CREEK, KY.—I will briefly say that it is the sense of F. M. Burgess post, No. 69, department of Kentucky G. A. R., that the honorably discharged soldiers of the war of 1861-'65 be paid a service pension of $8 per month without age limit—but, if limited, 50 years to be the limit. We wish our congressmen and senators to be fully apprised of the fact that it must be done this session, or we shall hold them responsible. The reason—simple justice.—A. T. WILBUR, Adjt. Post 69, late Sergt. Co. F, 69th Pa.

Thinks the Bill Unjust.

DEXTER, IOWA.—Write it in big letters, "the Morrill bill is an injustice." One of my neighbors, a rich man who was in for one hundred days, will get $8 per month, while another, a poor man who was in four years of very active, hard service, will get nothing; and it is hardly probable he will live ten more years, or until he reaches his majority, as established by the bill. It is objected that it would cost too much to pension all. Well then, don't mock those who bore the heat and burden of the war by pensioning 100-day men who never got near enough to the enemy to smell powder.

A man who was in the service only 100 days, if he has no other disability, does not deserve $8 per month; while if he was disabled by reason of service he can obtain an invalid pension, but the boy who was 18 or 20 years old when the war broke out, and who left school or college to enlist and gave four long years of the very cream of his life, and who is now limited in mental strength and also in bodily strength, deserves more than the government will be able to give him. Out upon the infustice of this mode of keeping faith with the veterans. If we are to have a service pension at all, let it be one based on service. If a man was out 100 days it gives him $1 per month, and if he was out 1,460 days give him $14.60 per month.

In the first instance the man was not out long enough to even receive the drill and discipline necessary to constitute a soldier; in the second instance he acquired that drill and discipline which is necessary for a member of the "The Old Guard," and instead of coming home when his first three years' enlistment was out, and thus depriving his country of a tried and true soldier in her hour of direst need, he stood up like a true patriot and re-enlisted for another three years or during the war, an act of patriotism and heroism far transcending his first enlisment, for that was done under the excitement of speeches and flags and drums, and the idea that "it was only a play spell that would last only 60 days," while his last enlistment was made when in the very front of the enemy, when he knew of the hardships and fatigue and suffering incident to soldier life, and when he could put a different estimate on the valor and endurance of the enemy.

I have a brother who not only enlisted at the age of 17 years for three years, but who suffered seven months in Andersonville, and yet the man who only enlisted for 100 days, and was perhaps never out of his state, will get $8 per month, while this brother will get nothing. Is this what the great Republican party meant when it said it would deal generously and justly by the old soldier?

While this bill will no doubt help many old soldiers who need and deserve such recognition, it is a mock and injustice to many thousands of veterans who were the very "flower" of Lincoln's mighty hosts. This bill makes me think of "the fool's errand." The wise men at Washington do not appear to appreciate what justice means.—C. H. L., Co. A, 1st Iowa Cav.

A Request from the Pennsylvania Service Pension Association.

MILESBURG, PA., May 15.—Have just been shown a copy of your paper, and see the magnificent effort you are making for justice to the soldiers. For the Pennsylvania soldiers, I tender you our deepest gratitude.

Inclosed please find copy of our bill, which Senator Cameron introduced some days ago. Will you publish it, and ask old soldiers to send a postal to the Senator asking him to push it? Pension legislation is now where he will have a great opportunity, and he is with us, but wants and needs to be promptly supported.

The claim agency papers will not publish this bill, because it does not take a fat fee from every pensioner to line their pockets. Very truly yours, A. F. P. REYNOLDS, chairman.

Below we give the bill, except the last section, which asks for a special issue of greenbacks, to be called "pension money of the United States," in case the revenues are not sufficient to pay the pensions under the bill. Such a section is a drag on the bill, and stands no possible chance of adoption.

We cheerfully give space to the bill, and also second the request that those who favor this bill will get up petitions to Congress and send to Senator J. D. Cameron for presentation to Congress:

Pennsylvania Service Pension Bill.

SECTION 1.—That every soldier, sailor or marine, whether officer or private, who enlisted and was sworn into the military, navy or marine service of the United States in the war for the suppression of the rebellion and who was honorably discharged therefrom, shall from and after the passage of this act, receive a service pension of $8 per month, and in addition thereto a per diem service pension of one cent a day for every day's service shall be added monthly to the $8 per monthly hereinbefore provided; it being the meaning hereof, that every soldier or marine as before specified, shall receive a pension under this act as follows:

	Per Month.
For 1 day's service	$ 8 01
For 30 days' service	8 30
For 90 days' service	8 90
For 1 years service	11 65

And so proportionately for whatever number of day's service was rendered.

SEC. 2.—The provisions of this act shall not in any manner interfere with any pension now being received, but shall be in addition thereto; nor shall it in any manner interfere with the right to interfere to any increase, re-rating or other right now had under the pension laws in force before and at the passage of this act.

SEC. 3.—The limitation of claims for arrearages of pensions are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4.—That the army, navy and marine service rolls, and an honorable discharge therefrom, shall be the only evidence required to entitle any living soldier to the service and per diem pensions granted by this act; and the commissioner of pensions is hereby directed to formulate such rules for the identification of such living soldiers as may be necessary; and the secretary of War and the secretary of the Interior are hereby authorized and directed to increase their clerical forces to the extent necessary, so that within one year from the passage of this act, every soldier entitled to a pension under its provisions shall be in receipt of the same; and the money necessary to pay for such additional clerical force is hereby appropriated from any money in the United States treasury not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. 5.—In case of the death of any soldier who is drawing or has drawn a pension under this or any other law of the United States, no matter what was the cause of death, the widow of said soldier, while she remains such widow, shall be entitled to the widow's pension of twelve dollars per month; and any minor child or children of any dead soldier shall be allowed the sum of five dollars per month each until such child or children attain the age of 16 years; and those who were regularly employed as army nurses, shall receive a pension of twenty-five dollars per month.

About Speaker Reed.

Word is given out that the Speaker of the House (Mr. Reed) is hostile to the passage of the service pension bill for the reason that the bills would increase the circulation so as to prevent the money syndicates of the East loaning money in the West at a good rate of interest. If this be so it shows a spirit of hostility to the old veterans not expected of a man of his professions of friendship for them. As he is reported to be a member of one of those syndicates, his love for those things for the present is greater than for the old vets, who are daily making anxious prayer for the fulfillment of his professions of sympathy during the campaign.—VETERAN, Co. C, 123d Ohio.

[The comrade is deceived. Mr. Reed is not that kind of a man. It sounds much like Democratic lying. We happen to know Mr. Reed's views on service pensions; his only objection to the passage of a general service pension bill is the fact, as he stated it, that the revenue would not be enough to pay the annual pensions and carry on the government. You must remember, too, that in the East, including Mr. Reed's state, there are but very few persons who desire a general service pension bill, and the Republican party of that state never declared in favor of such a measure. We have every reason to believe Mr. Reed perfectly sincere, and are certain there is no such motive in his heart as our correspondent states.—ED. BLADE.]

His Remedy.

Grandma—I can't hear you, Georgie. Speak louder.

Georgie (aged 4)—Why don't you wear specs on your ears?—[Racket.

THE VACATION WARDROBE

HOW TO COMPASS IT ECONOMICALLY

Plain Talk About Simple Gowns for the Summer Holidays—Cheapness, Attractiveness, and How They May be Combined.

[Written for THE BLADE by Ellen Osborn Copyrighted, 1890.]

I READ from time to time descriptions of inexpensive summer outfits and frequently run upon detailed directions for making a vacation wardrobe out of one's head and having plenty of wash goods left to supply one's sisters and cousins; but still the bona fide economies actually useful to the dear lady to whom one dollar always means one hundred cents and usually seems to mean one hundred and twenty-five I do not find in the newspapers. Life is too short to indulge over much in protestation and criticism, but the fashion reporter who wears down her pencil

THE OUTING GOWN.

point trying to convince people that there is great saving in ten-dollar boots and pure silk stockings, while she may be fulfilling a useful purpose in salving the consciences of people who are yearning for just that sort of soothing, is not making herself especially useful to them. Summer needs make the price of one set of such luxurious foot coverings provide for a good deal more than the lower extremities.

First among the summer vacation economies I reckon a knowledge of woolens. The woman who is going to the seashore, the woman who is going to the mountains, and the woman who is going to stay at home, are alike interested in light weight wool gowns. Call it street dress, traveling dress, tramping dress, general outing dress, it must be light and it must be wool, except when it's mixed judiciously with silk and becomes alpaca.

The summer stand-by must be waterproof to a moderate degree. There are those among the delightfully pretty spring novelties, bordered cloths, etc., that will not dull, like a passed beauty losing her complexion, if Tom does not let his hat drip while he holds the umbrella over you—why is it that no umbrella is ever big enough for two?—but the woman who is practically economical and whose gowns are rigidly limited in number, will not trust to the tricky goddess fortune to guide her choice among this counter's temptations. Until she can get a certificate from providence, duly signed, sealed and delivered, guaranteeing that no "sea turn" shall set in while she walks the beach, no clouds wrap the summit until she is safely up the cliff and down again, no splashing drops fall when there isn't a horse car to be hailed, she will pin her faith to serge and she shall not be deceived.

Serge is the economical woman's material. She delights in its gloss and its freshness. When it loses these she puts it into the wash tub, and it comes out new again. For the summer outing it is incomparably better than flannel. The only material which approaches it for everyday out-of-door vacation wear is a good alpaca, and alpaca has a surface which is not becoming to all complexions. For women who can wear it, alpaca is very cool, very durable, very light, wonderfully considerate about shedding dirt—this is a point for the economical woman's consideration—and more to be relied on when caught in the rain than most materials, though in this respect serge is its superior.

Let it then be alpaca or serge. There are pretty gray serges that stand more wear than almost anything else without looking badly. Let it clear the ground by several inches, the fashion correspondents to the contrary, notwithstanding. There is nothing more slovenly than to dip into the dust at every motion. The

SIMPLE FETE GOWNS.

details of cut must depend on circumstances. I am not sufficiently progressive to yield my heart to the stiff shirt bosom, waistcoat, jacket and straight draperies which go to make up the favorite outing dress of the season, and to the woman who is I suggest this consideration. The masculine make-up is chic, neat and practical, if not beautiful, when made by a masculine craftsman; but if you are one of those for whom this article is written, a woman to whom economy is a necessity, if you can't go to a good tailor, don't try to make it up at home. The amateur masculine rig would be odious if it were not laughable. The home dressmaker is a dear, sweet, sensible soul, but she should be judicious in choosing her styles.

One of the summer's best styles is an easy one. It gives the effect of a polonaise with a low bodice worn over a princess gown. It is really a high polonaise with yoke, and sometimes sleeves, of the material of the under gown. If it opens on one side and is finished with an enormous waist buckle it is so much the more quaint and fashionable.

Summer gowns ought always to be a pleasure; there is always a chance for fresh, simple, dainty rigs for the piazza, the garden party, the June festival. To the serge standby may be added for little money a pretty India silk fete gown. I would not take the word "wash" silk too literally. No small proportion of the low-priced wash silks spot if they see water on the other side of the room. The better wash silks do not suffer much at the hands of a professional cleaner, but the number that can be managed by a good washerwoman is not large. Call them simply "summer" silks and they are really inexpensive. From $6 to $8 will buy a fine fabric that a $2.50 seamstress will help you make and that when it has been washed can be turned into pretty and serviceable underwear. The woman whose money is valuable should remember in buying heavier silks that faille is apt to be much the most serviceable. Conscientious dealers often refuse to recommend peau de sole.

The only silk that will wash repeatedly is pongee, and this makes either the prettiest or the least pretty of fete gowns. It is distressing enough to make one shut one's eyes and turn sadly away when it is cut in smooth, close-fitting, boned and steeled, conventional fashion, with coat sleeves and as likely as not a velvet panel. If you want to know what pongee is capable of make it with a blouse or baby waist, with the front of the bodice in loose cross-folds, with straight gathered skirt, high gigot sleeves and plenty of bright ribbons. So shall you rejoice the eye and come out of the tub, if necessary, fresh every Monday.

The loosely woven cotton cheviot in patterns of checks and stripes makes a low cost country dress which is about as satisfactory as anything for tennis or picnic wear. Some of the low priced challies are in good patterns and make delightful fete gowns. There is going to be a good deal of muslin worn this summer in organdies and dotted white weaves. Now let me offer a hint to my economical girl. If she wants a white dress and thinks she can't really afford it, let her get white mull. Where is the advantage? You don't starch it when you wash it and consequently it will last several seasons. Beg, borrow or—earn money for two or three different sashes and sets of shoulder ribbons and you will have two or three toilets with one gown.

A tea gown need not be an expensive luxury. A dark challi makes a pretty one, with vest of cream-colored surah, and sash coming from under the arms. The sash is prettiest made of the challi and silk-lined. One can make a delightful tea gown of French sateen with vest front of white sateen. Or for a little more money, cashmere is as good a material as there is, with front of challi.

I meant to have room for a word about millinery. The Neapolitan straws are good purchases, because they are very durable. The girl who has few hats should not indulge in many flowers. They are too perishable. She should buy the heavier and more waterproof ribbons, and get her touches of brightness with facings of the best of the non-tarnishing gold and silver laces. She should have a black hat both because it is the most fashionable and because it will go with every one of her gowns. If she likes feathers, she should remember that a really good ostrich plume will wear while a long series of "tips" are coming out of curl and being thrown away; but a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat trimmed with gold lace and black ribbon needs nothing else to make it captivating.

FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

Those who interest themselves in dainty dressing, at low cost or high, will do well to remember that Dickens says: "Style means back." Style means carriage and much of the success of a dress depends on how a woman carries herself after the dress is on. With head up, chest raised and waist firm, if the material hasn't cost more than $1.50, she should look like a queen.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Andrew Carnegie's new hotel for workingmen at Pittsburg will cost $300,000.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the gun that bears his name, has invented a torpedo-boat. The doctor means to kill or cure, surely.

A German photographer picturing the flight of a cannon ball moving 1,300 feet a second exposed his plate the 10,000th part of a second.

Walt Whitman, the good gray poet, is reported to be breaking down again. Some day the grim visitor will step in and tell the poet to "loafe and invite his soul."

Our sloop of war Yantic is a tub indeed. Her best speed is four knots. But our puny wooden fleet has at least kept the flag afloat since the war, and so all honor to it.

Erastus Wiman says it is the 50,000 or 60,000 Canadians who annually come over into New England, in spite of the law, that enables the farmers of that region to till all their land.

William Churchill says the Fiji Islanders are far from illiterate. Some of them read Homer. And some of them would devour an author as well as his books if they got a chance.

A Berlin antiquary has discovered in a hollow cane the dagger with which Ravillac assassinated King Henry IV., of France. The dagger was stolen from the Palace of Justice in Paris in 1815.

George Meredith has been suggested as Lord Tennyson's successor in the Poet Laureateship of England. Algernon Swinburne is also mentioned. Tennyson should write an ode on the situation.

Miss Nellie Arthur, daughter of the late President Arthur, has become a picturesque young lady, with a brilliant complexion, large, soft, brown eyes, a graceful figure, and an original and effective taste in dress.

Hannibal Price, the new Haytian minister at Washington, has only recently returned from exile in the Isthmus of Panama, where President Salomon sent him. He is now in a good place to make him forget his days of exile.

Mrs. Eliza E. Pool, of Chelsea, Mass., has been granted a license to act as pilot of the steam yacht Isis. If she loses a race or makes a mistake it will be because she has looked around to see what the other yacht has on.

Ernest Lyon, the third son of Lord Strathmore, will soon join the British Legation at Washington. He is an enthusiast in the matter of indoor and outdoor amusements, and will probably be a social lion at the national capital.

Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, has caused a portrait of Gen. Meade to be painted for presentation to the West Point Military academy. The cadets will thus see that every good soldier receives his meed of praise in this world.

Henry Scarlett, of Upson county, Ga., reposes under the largest tombstone in the world. It is a boulder 100 by 250 feet in dimensions, which he selected before his death and caused to be appropriately lettered. No ghouls will disturb his grave.

Earl Spencer, a possible successor to Gladstone, is 55, and a tall man with an enormous red mustache and beard. His face is narrow, but full of strength. The Gladstonians have taken his measure with a Home Rule and found him all right.

Stanley, being an American, could not be knighted, an English paper says, but he might be decorated and made a C. M. G. or a C. B. He might be made a P. M. or an M. C. in this country, which is much better than anything he can be in England.

Wilkie Collins's favorite novelist was Scott. Dickens held the second place in his favor and then came Dumas pere and Balzac. He was fond of Cooper and Marryat, also. Boswell, Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and Beckford's letters were his favorite books outside of fiction.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, who has for the past two years made her home in what she calls that delightful old quarter of New York, not far from Washington Square, has left the city for the summer already and betaken herself to her country home at Stroudsburg, Pa., in the vicinity of the Delaware Water Gap. Here Mrs. Custer finds she can best do her literary work.

General von Caprivi, the new German chancellor, comes of Italian ancestors, whose name, "Kopriva," means "nettle," and who bore a branch of that shrewish plant in their heraldic arms. So far from being an irritating presence, however, the general is the most deliberate of men, always meditating a moment over the answer to the most trivial question, rather phlegmatic, a perpetual smoker and an insatiable drinker of beer.

For the Blade.

"THE SILENT EVENTIDE."

The twilight shadows come and go,
The trees sway gently to and fro,
Rocking the little birds below
To rest.

The light of day now slowly dies,
The evening breezes fall and rise,
The flowers sotly close their eyes
At rest.

I cry for "peace," and as my prayer
Is wafted through the silent air,
My soul is left without a care,
At rest.

So still—my spirit almost hears
The low, sweet "music of the spheres,"
Singing the world, with all its tears,
To rest.

E. M. P.

FOOT NOTES.

Pedal Extremities and How to Dress Them.

Whatever your feet are, see to it that they are always carefully and neatly dressed.

Shabby boots and gloves out at fingers often spoil the effect of an otherwise charming costume.

If it is necessary to economize, do it in some other direction, for cheap gloves and cheap boots are money thrown away.

The typical New England foot is very long, very narrow, narrow too, or thin, through at the heel and, as to the instep almost flat.

The Venus of Milo, if she had worn boots at all, a philosophical shoemaker declares, would have required No. 10's at least to fit her magnificent goddess-feet.

After the age of sixteen it is all but impossible to discover a man or woman with a perfect foot. Up to that time one in a hundred will perhaps have retained its natural outlines, uncramped by the abnormal shape of a fashionable shoe; but once when the fever of vanity has set in, gone forever is the real beauty of the foot, and the reign of the chiropodist begins.

If you are going abroad turn a deaf ear to the travellers who know it all and assure you that wise virgins and thrifty take old boots to wear on the steamer. Never for one moment believe in that delusion, for it is a delusion of the basest sort. Have you a single spark of vanity? Then carry your most irresistable shoes, and put them on, too, for never will they be displayed to better advantage. When the stormy winds do blow and whisk your skirts about, don't you think a smart pair of patent leathers is going to do a great deal of execution upon susceptible hearts as you take your morning stroll along the hurricane deck or the jibboom, those other delightful promenades which people take on shipboard? With earls and dukes always crossing, it is a chance not to be lost.

BARKS AND BITES.

A suspicious dog is like original sin. There is no getting around him.—[Burlington Free Press.

The dog with the appetite for trousers is likely at any time to go on a tear.—[Washington Post.

Dogs are very affectionate. We have even seen dogs that were attached to tin cans.—[Oakland Paragrapher.

If the dog wasn't told to "sick 'em" he would need to have physic thrown to him.—[Rochester Post-Express.

A Baby as a Sacrifice.

A few days ago two Greeks presented themselves at the palace of the grand rabbi of Smyrna, and asked to see him on very important business. The venerable Abraham Pallaci being unwell, they were asked to come another day. Next day they called again. The rabbi not having yet recovered, his son, a man of 45, learning that their business was urgent, asked if they could not explain it to him. After some desultory conversation they consented, at the same time requesting to be conducted to a remote apartment where there was no danger of being overheard. This being done, one of them said to him: "Every one has his particular religion. We are aware that part of yours is to offer at Easter a Christian child in sacrifice. Now we are ready for the sum of $400 to furnish you with a fine, plump and healthy Christian child, a little Greek girl of 4 years old, for your sacrifice, and the child shall be obtained in such a manner as to insure the most profound secrecy."—[Levant Herald.

Hagerty and the Editor.

"I never undertook to whip but one editor," said Representative Hagerty, of Williams county, "and if the Lord will forgive me for that I will never repeat the offense again."

"When and where was that?" asked the observer.

"I was a student at a medical college in Detroit. A lot of the students went out on a lark one night, and the next day the full details appeared in one of the afternoon papers, and it lost none of its points in the telling. We held a meeting and decided to whip the editor. We marched down to the office and on opening the door a double-barreled shot-gun was pointed at us by a man who evidently was anxious for a provocation to pull the trigger. We needed no urging to go. He only said 'git' and we 'got.' Some one had posted the editor that we were coming, and that was our reception."—[Columbus Dispatch.

Hurt by a Falling Star.

One of the most remarkable accidents recorded in history occurred near Marlborough House, London, recently. About 5 o'clock p. m. a gentleman, a well known public official, was passing from St. James Park to Pall Mall, when he suddenly received a violent blow on his right shoulder, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. He noted a cracking noise at the time, but had not the slightest idea of the shock he had experienced. Reaching home he disrobed and submitted to a critical examination, but nothing was discovered which in the least accounted for the great pain in both shoulder and arm. A servant sent to brush the gentleman's coat next morning discovered a scorched streak about eleven inches long and an inch wide, extending across the shoulder of the coat and down the back. The mysterious shock was explained; he had been struck by a meteor or falling star.

A Rare Old Dame.

There is a rare old dame in Philadelphia named Catherine Sharp, who is 112 years of age. Up to within two weeks Mrs. Sharp has been running about lively as a kitten, and should she survive her present somewhat sudden attack may yet live to bless the lives of her great-great-grandchildren, great-great-grandchildren, grandchildren, and children who all live with her in her home. Four years after John Hancock and the other patriots of the revolution signed the Declaration of Independence this remarkable woman was a little 2-year-old, rosy-cheeked maiden running around the village of Philadelphia. A few years later as a young miss she delivered milk to General George Washington and staff from her father's farm.

Married Her Husband's Murderer.

J. S. Caswell, who has just begun a life sentence for the murder of George J. Gould at Montpelier, Vt., was recently married to the widow of the man he murdered. This was not a suprise to people who knew the parties. She expressed more concern for Caswell than sorrow at the fate of Gould, and she has repeatedly stated that she was ready to marry Caswell if he regained his liberty. She has been seen since the marriage and appears blooming over the event, and apparently all that is needed to make her life a kind of paradise is the liberation of Caswell, for which she may be trusted to work untiringly as long as they both live, or until she accomplishes the one aim of her life.

Sophomores and the Toad.

The use of a frog in illustrating the circulation of the blood to novitiates in physiology is familiar to all those who have pursued that branch of science. The time came for the Sophomores to make that examination quite recently. But, alas! the poor Sophs' knowledge of Zoology was lamentably deficient, for what should they present to the professor for analysis but a large green-eyed, bug-eating toad, with a hoof on it that no extant microscope could penetrate. A junior, who is a learned German scholar, looked at the poor animal and remarked in his native tongue: "Es ist todt. Ya, mein Herr! Es war ganz todt!"—[Tiffin, O., Advertiser.

Extra for Chickens.

Waiter—Heah's your boiled eggs, sah. Twenty cents.

Irate Guest (a moment later)—Look here! These eggs have been set on for two weeks.

Waiter—Thank you, sah. Boiled chicken—two dollars, sah.—[Yale Record.

A STORY OF TWO WIVES.

A Strange Romance in Real Life in New York.

[Written for the Blade by Dolly Knickerbocker. Copy righted, 1890.]

All New York is out walking nowadays, and the sunshine brings out the good and the bad, just as it does the weeds and the flowers. Not long ago, walking up the avenue, there was a charming looking woman dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by three handsome boy children sombrely clad in black and a maid, also in mourning. Everybody who looked after said: "Poor Mrs. Dash, it was such a happy marriage, and it seems so sad for him to die!" Now, that woman is the daughter of one of the richest and best-known men in New York. She was married to a rich man, and had a fashionable wedding, a description of which was written up in all the papers, the bride's beauty commented upon, her white satin and orange blossoms described, while the groom's great wealth and good looks were given equal prominence. That man, after ten years of married life, died, leaving a large fortune and, as was generally supposed, a young widow; but here's the romance. When he married that young, pure girl, he had another wife living over in one of the small towns in Jersey, and so little care did he take to hide his story that the wife in Jersey was also called Mrs. John Dash, and he used to laugh with her about his double in New York.

HOW DID HE MANAGE IT?

He claimed to be very fond of shooting and fishing, and would go off to a country club for two days in a week. This story satisfied the wife in New York, and the one in New Jersey did not even know that he was a rich man, but believed that he was a traveling salesman. When he was on his wedding trip he wrote to her, sent papers in which were accounts of the wedding of his double, and told her that, as he happened to be in New York that day, he went in to see him married, and to see what he looked like. How thoroughly David understood men!

DEATH REVEALS THE SECRET.

When he died his brother-in-law, a famous lawyer, looked through the papers in his private desk for a cemetery deed, and to his surprise he found a bundle of letters written by a woman, addressing him as her husband, hoping that he would soon be back, and speaking of the children and how much they wanted to see him. Very quickly the lawyer got two other men, members of the family, and they went out and found this little house. To their amazement, they discovered that it was all so open that nothing had been suspected. They asked for the mistress of the house and met a pleasant-faced, well-shaped woman, agreeable in manners, but by no means intellig

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

ABOUT OUR CAT FRIENDS.

A Better Era Dawning For the Cat—Some of Her Peculiar Traits—The Story of One of These Pets.

SOMETIME ago I satisfied my sense of justice by an article deprecating the cruel treatment which cats received from the human family. My memory of the fact was intensified by several incidents, one of which was the reserving of the picture of a beautiful cat—and a very well-behaved cat it has proven itself to be.

That others beside myself have become aroused to a sense of the inhumanity of man to cats which has made countless thousands of the felines to mourn, is made evident by the number of who have recently published articles in current magazines and papers, sometimes finely illustrated, and not long ago a book was written and brought out by a well-known house in Boston, entitled "Our Cats and All About Them." The author, Mr. Weir, has been watching these animals for over 50 years, being one of the few persons who has, for so long a time, considered them worthy of careful observation. The result with him was a great respect for these animals, which he declares to be useful, quiet around the house, affectionate in their ways and many of them exceedingly beautiful. If the result of this awakened interest should be more regard for feline rights than has been hitherto vouchsafed, then a new day of comfort may dawn for these creatures. The time may come when, in other cities beside Egyptian Cairo, there may be an endowment fund for the lodging and feeding of homeless cats, such as now exists there.

Perhaps one reason why, among Christian nations, the cat has been looked upon with no more respect, is that nowhere in the Bible is there any mention of this domestic animal. That, however, is probably owing to the fact that it was not known among the Hebrews. Reference is found to it in the Sanskrit writings that are more than 2,000 years old, so that its family records are ancient enough to entitle it to consideration, and in truth, they extend back still further by means of monuments and mummies in Egypt. It is stated, however, that the Egyptian cat is not identical with the domestic animal of to-day, though many of their peculiarities are the same.

It has been for years acknowledged that dogs have considerable intellectual power, that they reason from certain premises to a logical result. I have been a long time convinced that pussy's brains are equally developed, and that she has much greater mental powers than she has been credited with. Her character differs from the dog's, but her personality is distinct and maintained in a great variety of surroundings. Her friendship is not so easily won, she being, Gautier says, "a philosophical animal, orderly, quiet, tenacious in her habits, a lover of order and propriety, and one who does not bestow her affections blindly. She will gladly be your friend if you are worthy of it, but not your slave. In her tenderness she regards her own free will, and will not do for you what she judges to be unreasonable; but once she has given herself to you, what absolute confidence, what fidelity of affection!" It is true that a cat never shows that slavish fear which, in dogs, has given rise to the expression, "like a whipped cur," applied to a human being whose will has been completely mastered.

The remarkable memory that these animals have for places has always been mentioned as one of their characteristics. I believe that I mentioned in a previous article on cats, the sudden disappearance of a beautiful half grown kitten which had taken to keeping very late hours, coming home and rapping at my bedroom window about 3 o'clock in the morning, and that upon my refusing to rise and admit her ladyship, she disappeared and returned no more. She was a pretty creature, with a very fine face that was particularly noticeable.

One day last fall, fully two years and a half since she went off in a huff, a cat appeared, walked into the house with an air of proprietorship and, after looking around awhile, went away again. Presently it was discovered that she had brought in, surreptitiously, a young family, and established herself in comfortable quarters. Putting her out of these made no difference; she would simply transfer herself and brood to another quarter of the house, and accomplish it so deftly that no one could tell when she was done. She had evidently made up her mind that this was a good place to bring up her family, and her determination carried the day. The peculiar part of it was that all recognized her likeness to the offended kitten, and when called by the name that individual bore, she answered. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that she remembered the place and returned to it in her strait, as we learned afterwards that she befriended a family in the neighborhood who had moved away and left her behind in the vacant premises.

An evidence that this cat has a depth of feeling beyond what would be expected of an animal is this: Recently, out of an arrival of five little ones, four were ruthlessly snatched from her, leaving but one, and this, too, finally disappeared. She had either given to roaming, and all this happened when she was away from us. Returning later, she wandered around the house searching everywhere, moaning if spoken to, and with an absolutely heart-broken expression on her face visible to any one who looked at her. I have never seen anguish depicted upon a human countenance more strongly than upon hers, and I could not but wonder whence came the right to inflict such mental agony, even upon an animal.

In a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in an article entitled "Cats and Their Friendships," an incident of the return of a cat to its old home, similar to the one I have related above, is given, and several others showing how they will find their way back to a given place, when there seems to be no known law by which they can do so. They have been carried away blindfold for many miles and returned unerringly. A scientist has lately contended that it was done by their unusual keen sense of smell, which enabled them to notice the different odors as they passed, and then to retrieve their steps by the perception of these odors in an inverse order.

The writer in the magazine mentioned above closes his article with the following remark: "These incidents pertain to only one of the human-like traits that have been named as to be found in cats. The study to which they introduce us is an alluring one, and opens the more expansively the further we proceed in it."

Such expressions, joined to the "cat shows" in large cities which have been held within the last few years, shows that a new era is dawning for cats. No doubt it is largely owing to Mr. Weir, who was the first one to conceive the idea of such a show and to carry it out. It took place in the Crystal Palace in London, some years ago and attracted considerable attention. Since then yearly exhibitions have been held, and a cat club has been established the object of which is to increase the kind treatment not only of the felines but of domestic animals generally. Other English cities have followed Mr. Weir's example, and successful exhibitions have taken place in France and Germany, as well as in this country.

The treatment accorded to animals is a key to the character of man, woman or child. Wanton cruelty to a cat or dog is an index of a cruel nature that would abuse any one over who it has power. There is a careless seeking after amusement by tormenting animals that sometimes arises from surrounding influences, but this must pass away under the growth of more knowledge of, and greater interest in their character and habits. Yet if this means of pleasure is allowed in children it must blunt their sensibilities to a far greater degree than is imagined possible. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Table Linen.

Perhaps there is nothing that shows the good taste and refinement of a hostess so plainly as the arrangement and belongings of her table. It may be gorgeous in coloring and costly in appointment, and yet be absolutely vulgar. If decorated, there must be just enough to give tone to the whole; but not to overtop and extinguish the purpose of the gathering.

First and foremost to be considered is the linen, which should always be of the finest in quality that the housewife can afford. Whether it shall be snowy white or with color in its bordering, depends upon her own taste, but one rule is held invariable, and that is, that the napkins shall match the table-cloth in design. The former must be very large, especially for dinner, and absolutely guiltless of starch. Those for tea may be smaller, and admit of more ornamentation, such as being trimmed with lace, for which guipure is used, embroidered, etc., with a corresponding trimming upon the table-cloth. Doilies, to be just exactly *comme it faut*, are six inches square, and prettily trimmed with a fringe, or hemstitched.

Sometimes the linen is embroidered in open work patterns, and then it should be laid over colors. A broad ornamentation of this kind to adorn the center is very effective, or it may be made in a square or diamond shape. All kinds of open work decoration are very fashionable now, and it has extended to the table linen.

The latest fad, however, is to use the plain twill without design or border. It can be bought by the yard, and then hemstitched and embroidered elaborately, or be left without anything more than the simple hem. Of course, as said before, the napkins must match either way, but when they are plain, the doilies are made exquisite works of art. Quaint letters, that can be put on by hand, are very popular.

Scraps of plush, etc., are still used, but they are not regarded with a great deal of favor, because, in the opinion of many, anything that cannot be laundried is incongruous upon the table. That rule would shut out many dainty little pieces of work, however, so that the housewife must use her own taste and judgment in this as in many other things, and not be governed by her neighbors.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A sample book is very convenient for ladies who make knitted and crocheted lace. It keeps the samples clean, and always ready for use. It can be made of any size, and material and finish of the cover can be adapted to any taste. A very pretty and convenient size is made of two pieces of card-board each 8¼ in. by 4½ in. These are covered, one with crazy patchwork of silk and velvet, the other with brown plush finished at each end with a piece of old gold plush 1½ in. wide. On the brown plush is embroidered, or painted, the owner's initials. Both pieces are lined with old gold satin, and joined at one end by a strip of satin lined plush 1½ in. wide which is fastened to the sides of the cover with fancy embroidery stitches.

For the leaves, cut brown, dark blue, red and pink cambric into pieces four inches wide and sixteen inches long (which makes them eight inches long when doubled), "pink" the edges of these leaves, and fasten them to the cover with a narrow ribbon placed through the middle of the double cloth, and tied around the back of the book. The covers should be tied with ribbon to match. A book for more constant use, had the covers made of plain, navy velvet, with the corners tipped with triangular pieces of chamois, the back piece being of the same. The samples of lace are basted smoothly on the cambric leaves. An excellent accompaniment of this sample book is a blank book, in which is written or pasted the directions for making the samples, which should be numbered to correspond with the directions, thus enabling one to make, without difficulty, any pattern in the book.

TABLE-COVER.—A very handsome table-cover can be made of a rich shade of velvet, and a quantity of old muslin embroideries. Cut out the embroidered leaves and flowers and arranging them skillfully upon the velvet, hem them down with fine cotton. The pile of the velvet will conceal the stitches, and the work will appear as if done upon the material. Arrange scallops and leaves, if possible, to form a border, which should fall over a narrow silk fringe, the color of the velvet.

HANDKERCHIEF-BOX.—Procure a strong pasteboard box of the required size, and using a sharp pen-knife, cut it apart at the corners. Cover each piece with pretty India silk, using a plain, contrasting color for the lining. Then overhand the pieces together to form your box, being careful to use silk that exactly matches the groundwork of the material, so that the stitches may not show. The cover may be slightly padded and perfumed, and a fall of lace arranged about it, caught up at the corners by pretty ribbon bows. This pretty box may be turned into a workbox by adding to the inside a needle book and little ribbon straps for holding scissors, tape-needle, etc. It can also be covered with gray linen, decorated with sprays of bright tinted flowers, painted; or, using a cigar-box instead of a pasteboard one, a dainty receptacle for brush and comb may be manufactured.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, chain; p, picot; sc, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE.—Cast on one stitch: 1st—k 1—m 1; 2d row—k 2—m 1; 3d row—k 3—m 1; widen 1 st at the end of each row until there are 19 sts on the needle. Then p 3 alternate rows, knitting the intermediate ones, still making 1 at the end of each row. There will now be 25 stitches on the needle. For the next 9 rows * k 2—p 2—repeat from * taking care to knit in one row the stitches that were purled in the preceding row, and make one at the end of each row. There should be 34 stitches on the needle when these rows are finished. Knit 6 rows alternately plain and purl, taking care to have the plain side the same as in the first 6 rows of k and p—still widening at the end of each row. There are now 40 stitches on the needle. Knit the next 5 rows "garter stitch," widening as before. Now there are 45 stitches on the needle. Center row—* k 1—m 1—n—repeat from * to end of row. Repeat these directions backwards beginning at the "garter stitch rows" and narrowing at the end of each row instead of widening until you have only one stitch on the needle. Break off the yarn and begin again. Four of these squares make a block and are to be sewed together "over and over" so that the four center rows form the four sides of a square. Thirty blocks will be needed. These blocks sewed in rows of five blocks each form the center of the quilt. When they are all sewed together, a narrow border of "rope stitch" is sewed around the outside, and the outside of this border is a DEEP BORDER.—Cast on 64 stitches—k 4—p 4—repeat to end of row. 2nd, 3rd and 4th like 1st. 5th row—p 4—k 4—repeat to end of row. 6th, 7th and 8th like 5th; then change to 1st row again. Alternate in this manner changing the rows every four times across until the strip is as long as the side of the quilt and 64 rows longer; then bind off. Knit another strip of the same length; make a 3d strip as long as the width of the quilt, and 64 rows longer, and make a 4th strip the same length as the 3d. You will readily see how these strips are sewed on. Outside this deep border is another row of "rope stitch," knit as follows:

ROPE STITCH BORDER:—Cast on 12 stitches. 1st row—p 3—k 6—p 3; 2d row—k 3—p 6—k 3; 3d and 5th rows like 1st, 4th and 6th rows like 2d; 7th row—p 3—take off on 3d needle (or large pin) 3 of the 6 knitted stitches—k 3—slip the 3 sts back from the extra needle and knit them—then p 3; 8th and 10th rows like 2d, 9th row like 1st. This is the entire pattern, and is so narrow as to allow being fulled around corners.

EDGE FOR BORDER—Cast on 13 stitches. 1st row—k 2—o—n—k 3—t to—n—t to—n—t to—k 2; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k to the end; 3d row—k 2—o—n—k to the end; 4th row—k 2—t to—k 3 tog—t 4 t o—k 3 tog—k 2—t t o—n—k 5; 5th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k; 6th row—all knit plain; 7th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—t t o—k 4 tog—*—t t o—n—repeat from * 4 times—k 1; 8th row—k 3—p 1—*—k 2—p 1—repeat from * 4 times—knit to the end; 9th row—k 2—o—n—knit to the end; 10th row—bind off 10 stitches very tightly—knit to the end.

Correspondence Clippings.

The sisters are agitating the tobacco question a great deal through THE BLADE. That is right, let us keep on, and if we can convince any one that it is injurious, and get them to give it up, we will feel repaid for all our trouble. I have a brother who is a slave to the filthy habit, and I know it is injuring him, just as well as I know that my other brothers are better without it. So, girls, let us all work against this great evil; let us not countenance it in any way, and let us study its effects on the mind and on the whole body, so when we are asked to give our reasons for prohibiting its use, we may be able to give convincing facts. We are constantly using our influence for good, or bad, therefore let us stop and think well before we countenance the use of tobacco or alcoholic drinks in any way.—EDITH.

I wish, like Mrs. T. D. Morris, that some one would suggest something to be worn as a badge by members of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD that would be within the reach of all. We might often meet in traveling, and very pleasant acquaintances might be made in that way.—EMMA A. S.

May I step in just a moment? or don't you allow a man to discuss questions of interest to ladies only? I would like to have a chat with "Addie Vance on the "Old Maid" question. I do not think matters are quite as bad as she seems to think. I have been—and am now—intimately acquainted with several "old maids," and I must say that, far from being ashamed of their position, they are contented and happy, and in all respects worthy of the holy name of "woman." Some are "old maids" from choice, others from necessity, but as a rule they are the most sensible, pleasant and entertaining of the unmarried women. They look at life from a practical point of view, with none of the foolish nonsense of the man hunters. I admire Miss Vance's spunk, and hope that ere the horn of Gabriel toots she will find a man worthy of her.—BERT B.

It seems that all of "Farmer's Daughter's" sympathies go out to the women. True, we farmers, wives—(and "sisters and cousins and aunts"—do work hard—but don't the "farmer" work hard too? Don't they get tired as well as we? Yes, and if I were "cook" they would get nice, warm soda biscuits every meal if they wanted them. While I can fully sympathize with over worked "farmers' wives," I don't forget to sympathize with the "farmer," too. Let me say to the widowed sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, if you have boys to raise, try and get them on a farm. They will not give you half the anxiety there that they do in town, and there is no life so free and independent as the farmer's. While many of the farmers and their wives are filling early graves, from "overwork," there are just as many who die because they are shut up in towns and cities, and don't get enough fresh air and exercise to have any health or strength. — COUNTRY WIDOW.

I could not read Ida Hawthorne's most excellent letter in THE BLADE of April 10 without feeling a desire to emphasize the chief sentiment contained therein; but I observe that the entire letter was directed solely toward the wife, to the entire exclusion of the army of girls and women not of that long-suffering class.

In spite of this, I, for one, have, away down in my heart, a lurking sensation that it ought to mean me, to a degree, at least, if it doesn't; and so I come to ask why Ida Hawthorne so generously overlooked the "detrimental use of tongue" among the unwedded? For myself, I have known, I am sorry to say, young girls who possessed a keener tongue, and who used it more relentlessly, than any wife of my acquaintance; and, though I honestly believe I am not of the worst in this respect, yet there are wives I know, beside whose faults of tongue and temper my own appear so glaring that I sit abashed in their presence. And moreover, so far as my experience goes, where there is one shrewish wife, there are six overbearing, faultfinding, selfish husbands; and being a country schoolma'am, with a country schoolma'am's proclivities for changing boarding places, I have had some opportunity to judge.

Let us then spare the wife, and, instead, direct the pen against that careless, heedless, unappreciative husband.

Advise him not to add the last straw to the already heavy burden, by means of the upset lamp, or the muddy boots, or any other piece of inexcusable heedlessness. Teach him that the pretty sofa pillow, the creation of the wife's deft fingers, is, in a sense, dear to her, as a monument to her artistic abilities, and that even if he have no overwhelming sense of its beauty, he should be willing to sacrifice his yearning impressions of its utility to her feelings, and not ask "if it will hurt it?" Do not think that I underrate the evil effects of the persistent scold, for I think, most sincerely, that the unpleasantness arising from daily contact with such an individual could hardly be portrayed too vividly; and yet, how hard it is to control the "little member," many of us can testify, to our sorrow; many times we have resolved never, under any circumstances, to speak ill of our neighbors, or to employ the tongue evilly; and as many times have we signally failed in keeping these resolutions. Is there not a HOUSEHOLD sister who could subscribe to a similar confession? Let us then, friends, persevere in our efforts at reform, and join, each of us, a society of one, having for its object the restraint of the tongue, and for a title, the "Anti-Scold and Gossip society."—SISTER BETH.

Inquiries.

Will some one send the "grape leaf" and "tulip" pattern for working on gingham?—M. E.

Will some one tell me how to grow fuchsias and carnations? State whether the ground should be very rich or not.—MISSOURI BLOOM.

Will some one furnish a reliable recipe that will remove oil, paint, grease spots or discoloration caused by perspiration and fruit stains, from black woollens, and not injure the fabric?—"ROANOKE."

Will some one who has had experience with the Catalpa tree, tell me if they will sprout when they get to be large trees? They are a new tree in this section of the country, and there seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to them, some saying they will sprout, others that they will not, but none have tried them any length of time.—I. S. K.

Will the correspondent of the "Home Talk" give again the remedy for hard, unnatural beating of the heart?—E. A. F.

Will some one give directions for the care of the nails of the hands and feet? Also, is there a cure for bunions and anything which will decrease the size of the enlarged joints caused by bunions?—"JUDITH."

Will some one give recipe for making cheese? Also mushroom catsup?—J. BATCHELER.

Will some one give recipe for making good axle-grease?—H. HARTFORD.

Will "Kansas Farmer's Wife" repeat the directions for making screen to shut off the heat in small rooms, for the benefit of several new subscribers?

Will some one give directions for sprouting and growing pines and cedars? —C. K.

Will some one give a recipe for canning beans and corn, such as is used in the canning establishments?—E. M. KENNEDY.

Will some one explain the method of making "Yankee candy," or "Yankee taffy?"—SUBSCRIBER.

If any one has a recipe for making baking powder, will they send it to THE BLADE?—EFFIE B. LEROY.

Will some one inform me how I can learn to draw with crayons? Would like to know if I can procure books of instruction and learn myself without a teacher, and are the common crayons used?

Will some one please tell how to prepare green walnuts for use? Also how to can sweet corn with tartaric acid?—VEDETTE.

Answers to Inquiries.

Seeker—Your letter was accidentally overlooked at the time it should have been answered, and you have, by this time probably learned what you wished to know, but your questions will be answered for the benefit of others, if not for yours.

Purchase a good dinner and tea set of dishes, which will include most that you will ever need to use, and many pieces that you will not use except occasionally. Always have good tablecloths and napkins. Don't try to save money on them by buying a cheap article; it is poor economy, and any quantity of silver or china will not atone for poor table linen. The fashion of this changes, but it is always safe to buy the pure white. Color may be given to your table by your decorated china, glass, silver and flowers.

At each plate should be placed a spoon for soup, and a knife and fork for each course. For a family of four, two water bottles are sufficient; place one at each side of the table with the glasses. The bone disnes are for bones from meat and anything in the food that you cannot eat, and you place it on them as you come to it in the course of a meal; there should be one for each person.

The small bread plates are to be placed by each person's plate and used to place the bread upon when it is passed to you by the servant.

Carving cloths are used at dinner and are placed before the host, and the meat placed upon them. Finger bowls will be placed upon the table at the end of the meal—one will answer for two persons; a napkin is laid beside each bowl on which you are to dry your fingers; you only need to dip the tips of your fingers in the water. You can use them at any meal if you choose. Your other questions will be answered at another time.

Mrs. James R. Gregory—We shall be glad to have you send directions for making a stool with buffalo horns, or anything else in the way of useful or ornamental work, to the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Mary S. B.—A person is not obliged to be a subscriber to THE BLADE, in order to ask a question in the HOUSEHOLD. Any one desiring information on subjects of general interest, will be answered if possible.—ED.

M. E.—You should consult a physician in regard to your child. Promiscuous advice, such as would be given in a newspaper, would not be safe to follow, in so important a matter.—ED.

E. A. F.—The relic you speak of would be of value only as a curiosity. You might sell it to some person who was making a collection of such things.—ED.

Jerusha Jane.—Take some common fine-cut smoking tobacco, sprinkle it over the top of the earth about your plants, and keep them well watered. The strength of the tobacco passes through the earth and about the roots. It is sure to kill all creeping things, and is a great benefit to the plant. The worms, etc., die, and with the strength of the tobacco, form a most valuable manure for the plant. Those using it will find that the plant will soon show much more vigor, and begin to grow very fast.—A LOVER OF THE BLADE.

Tell the lady who inquired how to catch squirrels and gophers, to take a cord 30 or 40 feet long, make a running noose at one end and place the noose carefully just inside their holes and snare them when they put their heads out. It will be necessary to be very careful with gophers.—J. R.

S. T. W.: The directions for pine apple lace are too long for insertion. Thanks for your kindness in sending them.—ED.

Mrs. Lotta F.: We do not know the address you ask for.—ED.

Mrs. Delia R.: Have you tried the sulphur and syrup recommended in THE BLADE of April 26? It is as good as anything for your trouble.—ED.

Reader: Plain shades are preferred now to flowered ones.—ED.

Alfarata: The name Juanita is Spanish, and is pronounced Wa-nee-tah. The name as you spell it—Juniata—has the English sound of the letters.

To the inquiry of "C. S." and also by editors request, I send the address of the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, which has a training school for nurses attached. Clinton Locke, D. D., pastor of Grace Episcopal church, Fourteenth street and Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. A better recommendation from some clergyman, I think, will be the first step, after that the matter would be easy if there is a vacancy.—ETTA H.

Etta Hunter—Send your inquiries in regard to White Cross, to F. J. Needham, 22 Tremont row, Boston, Mass., inclosing stamp for reply.

L. F.—A good common school education and a thorough training in some printing office will enable one to become a proof-reader. The editors do not read the proof, and each paper has its own schedule of prices for the work done on it.

Recipes.

VINEGAR PIE.—One cupful sugar, 1 cupful molasses, 1 cupful flour, 3 cupfuls of water; the flour rubbed smooth in 1 of the cupfuls of water. Put all in a pan and cook until it comes to a boil, stirring all the time to prevent scorching. Flavor with extract of lemon. Give good full measure, and the above will make three pies.—MRS. S. J. CROCKER.

SUGAR SYRUP.—Cover sugar with water, put it on the stove and do not stir it until melted.—RED ROSE.

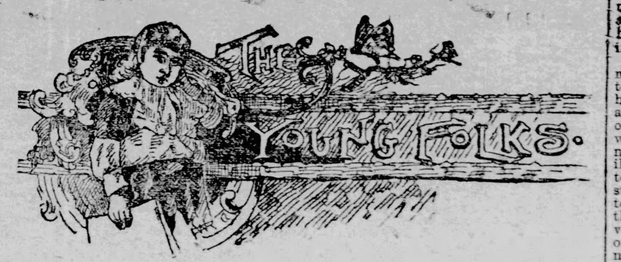
ICE CREAM CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 cupfuls of flour, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon.—JANE B.

TO PRESERVE CLOTHING AND FURS FROM MOTHS.—Procure shavings of cedar wood, and enclose in muslin bags, which should be distributed freely among the clothes. 2d—1 oz. of gum camphor and 1 of the powdered shell of red pepper are macerated in 8 ozs. of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or clothes are sprinkled and rolled up in sheets. 3d—Carefully shake and brush goods early in the spring, so as to be certain that no eggs are in them; then sew them up in cotton or linen wrappers, putting a piece of camphor gum, tied up in a bit of muslin, into each bundle, or into the chest and closets where the articles are to lie. No moth will approach while the smell of the camphor continues. When the gum is evaporated, it must be renewed.—A LOVER OF THE BLADE.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sour milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 lbs. of fruit, 2 tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful of cloves; flour to mix quite stiff.—MARY H.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—½ cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, whites of 5 eggs, 3 cupfuls of flour, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Icing—1 cupful of milk; when it comes to a boil, add 1 cupful of grated chocolate, 1½ cupfuls of pulverized sugar, the yolks of 5 eggs. When cool add a teaspoonful of vanilla and spread between the cakes.—JULIA S.

—Wanted.—A good appetite. You can have it easy enough by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It tones the digestion and cures sick headache.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MONEE, ILL.	BAINBRIDGE, IND.
Alma A Manson	Fred Starr
Almon A Manson jr	Flora Kesterson
BAINBRIDGE, IND.	Dovie Algood
Georgia Jones	Bessie Reeves
Ray Dyer	Mollie Wampler
Annie Bugg	Lillie Alley
Mattie Lewis	Nellie Pool
Edith Grinsted	Alice Roberts
Effie Gaines	Bonnie A Pherson
Mamie Howard	Gracie Wampler
Ola Vandament	Bert Farver
Everette J Clark	Ella McFadden
Mary J Burkett	Paul McFadden
Mattie Cassity	Alma McFadden
Gertie Evans	Grace Farver
Mary Gaines	Alice Hilands
SERVIA, IND.	Josie Ford
Eddie Aughinbaugh	Mabel Pool
Arthur Middleton	Lula Coffman
Gracie Hippinsteel	Raymond McKnight
Annie Steller	Nathaniel Roberts
Pearl Steller	Nellie Byron
Lula Steller	Luther C Roberts
Mertie Steller	Maggie Hampton
Claude Misner	Lucy Roberts
Walter Misner	Arthur Roberts
Angie Monroe	Bertie Reeves
Della Creathbaum	Orpheus Dicks
Meari Goudy	Ethel Merrick
Samuel Steel	Jesse Coffman
Charles Steel	Julia Byron
Lillie Steel	Bonnie McKnight
Pearl Steel	

Names this week, 63. Total, 29,313.

The above embraces all names received up to May 9.

For the Young Folks.

NOT AS WE PLEASE.

"I can do as I please, when the magic nines,
Are counted two, on that one birthday,
That just ahead, with its pleasant lines,
Stretches out on the meads away.

"I can go and come with the bird and bee,
Freed from the bonds of these hateful years,
And laugh as I travel the world to see,
With never thought of these angry tears?"

Ah little maid, with thy soft brown hair;
With thy rose-bud mouth and thy meek blue eye,
This dream of thine, with its pictures fair,
Is a demon, luring thee on to die!

For never in life can we safely throw
The chains of law from our souls away,
Nor wander out in the world to sow
The baneful seeds of an untrained day.

God holds us bound to law of right,
And a blessing comes if we meekly bend;
Opening our minds to the blessed light,
The faults of our faltering steps to mind.

His precious Word is the only mold
Where we can in lovely form be cast,
And she who would come out finest gold,
Must bind her heart to its precepts fast.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

FRANKIE'S FIRST RABBIT HUNT.

BY EFFIE STUMBO.

For the Young Folks.

IT was a bright sunshiny morning in December when Frankie shouldered his gun and marched away with one of the neighbor's boys to hunt; yes, actually to hunt, and for jack-rabbits, at that. How proud and happy he trudged along through the snow looking up now and then into the face of his companion with all the dignity of a general on his first skirmish tour. But I am afraid Frankie's mother, who was watching him through the half-frosted window, did not feel quite so happy, as she realized for the first time that he, who had been her constant care for the past twelve years, had become "one of the boys" and she could never think of him as "little Frankie" any more. That very morning while papa was loading his gun she had said, "Remember, Frankie, how many accidents have happened by boys' carelessness with guns." Instead of saying "all right, mamma," he said: "I think I am too large to be called baby names, besides my name is FRANK." "Sure enough," thought she, "he is too large." And now as she stands watching his retreating form, she wonders if a mother could feel any worse when she saw her boy enlist his name as a soldier?

Here her reverie is broken by a laugh from her eldest daughter, who was standing by her side. "O, but don't he feel large now," says she. "I know he won't kill anything, but wouldn't he feel big if he should?" Then her eyes began to sparkle and she said: "O, mamma, I have a plan. He shall shoot a rabbit and it will break him of hunting, too." Then mamma and she had a long conversation, and if you had happened along there that evening, you would have seen Effie very busy propping a stuffed jack-rabbit between a couple of sage bushes.

At last Frankie came home with that wonderful gun still on his shoulder; but O, how much heavier it is than when he started off with it this morning! Of course he is very tired and hungry, and just as he is enjoying a huge slice of ginger-bread, his sister rushes in with the intelligence that there is a great big jack-rabbit down by the spring. "And O, Frankie," says she, "please, please lend me your gun." "Now, Effie, you know you can't shoot worth a cent, and, besides I am more used to handling a gun than you, and she (meaning his gun) might kick," says he, at the same time grabbing his cap and gun and running out. Now, he was certain he was going to kill a rabbit. How carefully he crept within shooting distance, cautioning his sister to stay behind, then taking careful aim at its head, he fired, and over fell Mr. Rabbit. With a cry of joy he ran and picked it up, saying, "There, I did kill it," but when an old shoe dropped from its mouth, he thought it must be an extra kind of rabbit. A glance at his sister's quickly-retreating figure (which reached the house just in time to escape being hit by the shoe) threw a little light on the subject, and now if you want to bother Frank just ask him how he likes to hunt jack-rabbits, for this is a true story.

THE BIBLE CLASS CORNER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CROSSING the ferry one bright autumn day several years ago, I became conscious that I was being earnestly watched by my *vis-a-vis*, a very pretty, brown-eyed lady, who finally left her seat on the opposite side of the cabin, and took one by my side.

"I cannot be mistaken," she said. "You have changed your brown hair for silver, but you look precisely as you used to. I must recall myself to your mind, I see. You haven't forgotten Lena S——, surely, nor all the trouble she gave you in those old days before the war!"

The speech, rapid, broken by a little lisp, the impulsive manner, had carried me back over the years, and I recognized Lena before she mentioned her name, yet it was not surprising that I had not immediately identified the dignified, suave, well-dressed matron, with the wild, reckless, loud-looking girl, who had at one time been the despair of a half-dozen teachers in —— Sunday school.

"Yes," she said, with a soft little laugh, "my darling teacher, I remember all about it. But this ferry is such a short one. When are you at home? May I bring my husband to see you; and my two tall sons—splendid fellows—who tower 'way up above their little mother?"

In the days when I had been Lena's teacher there was very little which, with youthful impetuosity, I did not dare to undertake. Otherwise I would never have ventured to enter that particular class as their teacher. Composed of a dozen young girls from 14 to 18 years old, girls who worked during the week in shops and factories, and whose evenings were spent in promenading the street, their homes having little to allure them to remain within, they attended the Sunday school from very mixed motives. The room was large, bright, and cheery, in contrast with those in which they lived and toiled; the music, under a prince of leaders, was inspiring; the order, alert, military, fascinated attention during the opening and closing exercises. It was in the interval between these that, so far as the government of the class was concerned, the trial of the teachers' lives began. For, to exchange coquettish glances with half-grown boys across the aisle and to observe the fashions in gown and hat of richer girls, seemed the absorbing occupations of these young women, whose tawdry finery told a pathetic tale of misdirected effort and mistaken appreciation of the beautiful.

Several teachers had retired from the unequal conflict, when I was one day persuaded to present myself to the circle. Pretty Lena, as I had been told beforehand, was its chief mischief-maker, never attentive, ready to turn the most serious matters into fun and ridicule, stirring the others up to incessant giddiness.

"I almost wish she would leave," said one dear woman, "for the sake of the others; but then what would become of her?"

Hitherto my predecessors had begun by doubting, hence by antagonizing Lena S——. I resolved to make her my ally, and at once enlisted her as my assistant secretary. Early during the week I called at her home, a comfortable apartment in a German neighborhood, where, pillowed in an easy chair, Lena's mother, an invalid who was unable to restrain her heedless young daughter, told me how kind and thoughtful and hard-working the gay girl was; how all she needed was a channel for her surplus energy, an outlet for her effervescent spirits. The wonder was that with the burdens pressing on the young life there should have been any sweetness left.

In subsequent care of this Bible class, I found, what I have ever since observed to be true, that half the work, exclusive of study and home preparation, was to be done during the week. Frequent visits on the pupils at their own homes, frequent invitations to the teacher's own house, are factors in developing the best results. We never get at the hearts of people until we have broken bread with them, and a simple, informal gathering of the class in the teacher's parlor, with something to eat, with photographs or curios to look at, a story to read, music, or pleasant games, prepares the class for studying the lesson with better heart and truer reverence when Sunday comes round again.

Removal to another city severed my connection with Lena and her set, not, however, before the corner where we met had become a dear Bethel to every one of us. During a score of years I knew little about my girls, life bringing so much to my hands that I had no time to keep up correspondence with them. After the pleasant meeting with Lena, I learned how they had all "turned out," and was pleased to be assured that the good seed had not been scattered in vain. As for Lena herself, her life had been bright and useful.

Seldom having been long out of the Sunday-school since the days when, a wee girl, my father led me to a scholar's seat in the class of a certain Mr. G——, of whom I was desperately afraid, I have had the teaching of a number of classes, never one which did not appeal strongly to my affections, by reason of its need, or its beauty, or the good work it could do. Out of much experience my class theory has been evolved, and the longer I live the more strongly I hold it.

I think the most symmetrical, all-round satisfactory Bible classes are not those which are confined to one exclusive social set. With all my heart I protest against class barriers in the Sunday school, particularly among the more advanced or older pupils. Cliques, small aristocratic circles, artificial distinctions of any sort, should not be recognized in Sunday school work. A certain uniformity or approximation of age is advisable in the formation of a class, for a year or two counts far more in childhood than a whole sheaf of years in maturity, nor can the child of 10 well be taught on the bench with the girl of 20. But in the loveliest class I have ever had, the pastor's daughter, the banker's, the doctor's and the professor's daughters were side by side with several hard-working seamstresses, with two saleswomen, as many teachers in the public school, and a modest young woman, whose mistress spared her from the nursery that she might take her place in the Sunday school during the afternoon session. "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." In the study of the best of books there should be no room for the thought of earthly distinctions; but, on the contrary, from the different setting of their lives, the opposite experiences of every day, the members of the class should be able to draw suggestions for mutual help.

Every Bible class, if possible, should be engaged in some self-denying effort beyond its own bounds. That giving is worship needs to be inculcated wherever the young are taught, and the object, whatever it is, in which the whole class possesses a common interest will do much toward the promotion of *esprit du corps*. What shall be the object of the class bounty circumstances must determine. In a village with a wide sweep of meadow-land and a skirt of green woods the summer work of a Bible class might properly be found in a contribution every week to the flower mission in the nearest city. The cool, green ferns, the daisies with their golden disks, or the feathery grasses, purple reeds and sweet bunches of clover will carry to the fevered, pain-stricken sufferers in the hospital ward or the crippled children in the tenement their sweet messages from the country "that God made." Yet the good which the recipients will get shall be small in comparison with that which is the portion of the donors.

A certain class, familiar to me, has for several years taken as its chosen field of labor a missionary school in Japan, and its annual contributions support a pupil there. Her reports are regularly sent to them, her letters are events, her photograph is passed from hand to hand, and she is remembered in their prayers. By her little brown hand every one of the young girls who have become responsible for her education is held to a direct interest in the cause of foreign missions, which will never be strange to them in the sense of alien. Another bright set of girls have constituted themselves into care takers, with a struggling little church on the remote frontier as their pet benevolence. They send their books to its library, they make up a Christmas box or barrel for its pastor, and all the year round their thoughts are turned toward it in desire for its good.

A girl, one of my own special set, came one afternoon in the preparing dusk and established herself beside my fire for a chat. Her favorite seat was a hassock at my feet, and with an arm thrown over my lap, she talked confidentially, as girls do to those they love and believe in. From that twilight talk the T. M. D.

Talmage's Sermon.

THE GLORIES OF THE ASCENSION.

It Proved the Victory of Christ Over Death—His Mission on Earth was Completed—Some Practical Lessons Drawn for the Christians of To-day.

BROOKLYN, May 11.—After reading appropriate passages of Scripture and the usual prayers and musical exercises, Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon, in the Academy of Music, this morning, from the words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Psa. 24, 7:

In olden times when a great conqueror returned from a victorious war, the people in whole transport would take hold of the walls of the city and lift them from their hinges, as much as to say: "This city needs no more gates to defend it since this conqueror has got home. Off from the hinges with the gates!" David, who was the poet of poets, forecasts in his own way the triumphal entrance of Christ into heaven, after his victory over sin and death and hell. It was as if the celestial inhabitants had said: "Here he comes! Make way for him! Push back the bolts of diamond! Take hold of the doors of pearl and hoist them from their hinges of gold! Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

Among the mountains of Palestine no one is more uplifting than Mount Olivet. It was the peroration of our Lord's ministry. On the roof of a house in Jerusalem I asked, "Which is Olivet?" and the first glance transfixed me. But how shall I describe my emotions, when, near the close of a journey, in which we had for two nights encamped amid the shattered masonry of old Jericho, and tasted of the acrid waters of the Dead Sea, that crystal sarcophagus of the buried cities of the plain, and waded down into the deep and swift Jordan to baptize a man, and visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, we found ourselves in stirrups and on horse, lathered with the long and difficult way, ascending Mount Olivet. Oh, that solemn and suggestive ridge! It is a limestone hill, a mile in length, and three hundred feet high, and twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Over it King David fled with a broken heart. Over it Pompey led his devastating hosts. Here the famous Tenth Legion built their batteries in besiegement. The Garden of Gethsemane weeps at the foot of it. Among the base of this hill flashed the lanterns and torches of those who came to arrest Jesus. From the trees on this hill the boughs were torn off and thrown into the path of Christ's triumphal procession. Up and down that road Jesus had walked twice a day from Bethany to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Bethany. Here again and again, he taught his disciples. Half way up this mount he uttered his lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" From its heights Jesus took flight homeward when he had finished his earthly mission. There is nothing more for him to do. A sacrifice was needed to make peace between the revenant earth and the outraged heaven, and he had offered. Death had been conquered, and he had put his resurrection foot upon it. The thirty-three years of voluntary exile had ended.

On Mount Olivet Jesus stands in a group of Galilee fishermen. They had been together in many scenes of sadness and persecution and had been the more endeared by that brotherhood of suffering. They had expected him to stay until the day of coronation when he would take the earthly throne and wave his scepter mightier, and rule a dominion wider than any Pharaoh, than any David, than any Cæsar. But now all these anticipations collapse. Christ has given his last advice. He has offered his last sympathy. He has spoken his last word. His hands are spread apart as one is apt to do when he pronounces a benediction, when suddenly the strongest and most stupendous law of all worlds is shattered. It is the law which, since the worlds were created, has held them together. It is the law which holds everything to the earth or, temporarily carried from earth, returns it; the law which keeps the planets whirling around our sun and our solar system whirling around other systems, and all the systems whirling around the throne of God—the law of gravitation. That law is suspended, or relaxed, or broken, to let the body of Jesus go. That law had laid hold of him 33 years before, when he descended. It relaxed its grip at his birth, at once, and then it relaxed to sink him from the top of the waves on Lake Galilee, on which he walked, to the bottom of the lake. That law of gravitation must now give way to him who made the law. It may hold the other stars, but it cannot longer hold the Morning Star of Redemption. It may hold the noonday sun, but it cannot hold the Sun of Righteousness. The fingers of that law are about to open, to let go the most illustrious body the world had ever had, and whom it had worst maltreated. The strongest law of nature which philosophers ever weighed or measured must at last give way. It will break between the rock of Olivet and the heel of Christ's foot. Watch it, all ye disciples! Watch it, all the earth! Watch it, all the heavens! Christ about to leave this planet. How? His friends will not consent to have him go. His enemies entering him would only attempt by another calvary, to put him into some other tomb. I will tell you how. The chain of the most tremendous natural law is unlinked. The sacred foot of the Lord and the limestone rock part, and part forever.

Leaning back, and with pallid cheek and uplifted eyes, the disciples see their Lord rising from the solid earth. Then, rushing forward, they would grasp his feet to hold him fast, but they are out of reach, and it is too late to detain him. Higher than the tops of the fig trees from which they had plucked the fruit. Higher than the olive trees that shaded the mount. Higher, until he is within sight of the Bethlehem where he was born, and the Jordan where he was baptized, and the Golgotha where he was slain. Higher, until on stairs of fleecy cloud he steps. Higher, until into a sky bluer than the lake that could not sink him.

He Disappears Into a Sea of Glory.

whose billowing splendors hide him. The fishermen watch and watch, wondering if the law of nature will not reassert itself, and he shall in a few moments come back again, and they shall see him descending; first his scarred feet come in sight, then the scarred brow, and they may take again his scarred hand. But the moments pass by, and the hours, and no reappearance. Gone out of sight of earth, but come within sight of heaven. And rising still, not welcomed by one angelic choir, like those who one Christmas night escorted him down, but all heaven turns out to greet him home, and the temples have especial anthems, and the palaces especial banquet, and the streets especial throngs; and all along the line to the foot of the throne, for years vacated, but now again to be taken, there are arches lifted, and banners waved, and trumpets sounded, and doxologies chanted, and coronets cast down.

No wonder that for at least fourteen hundred years the churches have, forty days after Easter, kept Ascension day; for the lessons are most inspiring and glorious. It takes much of the uncertainty out of the idea of heaven, when from Olivet we see human nature ascending. The same body that rose from Joseph's tomb ascending Mount Olivet. Our human nature is in heaven to-day. Just as they had seen Christ for forty days. He ascended, head, face, shoulders, hands, feet, and the entire human organism. Humanity ascended! Ah, how closely that keeps Christ in sympathy with those who are still in the struggle! Ascended scars, face scars, hand scars, feet scars, shoulder scars! That will keep him in accord with all the suffering, with all the weary, with all the imposed upon. No more is he a spirit now than a body, no more of heaven than earth. Those of the celestial inhabitants who never saw our world, now walk around him and learn from his physical contour something of what our race will be when, in the resurrection, heaven will have uncounted bodies as well as uncounted spirits. On Ascension Day he lifted himself through the atmosphere of Palestine until, amid the immensities, he disappeared. He was the only being the world ever saw who could lift himself. Surely if he could lift himself, he can do the lesser deed of lifting us.

Christ leads all the way through the birth hour, for he was born in Bethlehem; through boyhood, for he passed it in Nazareth; through injustices, for he endured the outrages of Pilate's court room; through death, for he suffered it on Calvary; through the sepulcher, for he lay three days within its darkened walls; through resurrection, for the solid masonry gave way on the first Easter morning; through ascension, for Mount Olivet watched him as he climed the skies; through the shining gates, for he entered them amid magnificent acclaim. And here is a gratifying consideration that you never thought of: We will see our Lord just as he looked on earth. As he rose from the tomb he ascended from Mount Olivet. We shall see him as he looked on the road to Emmaus, as he appeared in the upper room in Jerusalem, as he was that day of valedictory on the ridge from which he swung into the skies.

How Much We Will Want to See Him!

I was reading of a man born blind. He was married to one who took care of him all those years of darkness. A surgeon said to him, "I can remove that blindness," and so he did. His sight given him, a rose was handed to the man who never before had seen a rose and he was in admiration of it, and his family, whom he had never seen before, now appeared to him, and he was in tears of rapture, when he suddenly cried out, "I ought first to have asked to see the one who cured me; show me the doctor!" When from our eyes the scales of earth shall fall, and we have our first visions of heaven, our first cry ought not to be, "Where are my loved ones?" Our first cry ought to be, "Where is Christ, who made all this possible? Show me the doctor!" Glory be to God for ascended humanity! Could we realize it, and that it is all in sympathy for us, we would have as cool a courage in the conflict of this life as had Charles the Twelfth when he was dictating dispatches to his secretary, and a bombshell fell into the room, and the secretary dropped his pen and attempted flight. "Go on with your writing! What has the bombshell to do with the letter I am dictating?" If the ascended Christ be on our side, nothing should disturb us.

The Christ who proved himself on so many occasions, and especially the last, superior to the law, still lives; and every day in answer to prayer for the good of the world, he is overriding the law. Blessed be God that we are not the subjects of blind fatality, but of a sympathizing divinity. Have you never seen a typhoid fever break, or a storm suddenly quiet, or a ship a-beam's-end right itself, or a fog lift, or a parched sky break in showers, or a perplexity disentangled, or the inconsolable take solace, or the wayward reform at the call of prayer? I have seen it; multitudes have seen it. You have, if you have been willing to see it. Deride not the faith cure. Because impostors attempt it, is nothing against wonders upon whom God hath honored with marvelous restorations. Pronounce nothing impossible to prayer and trust. Because you and I cannot effect it, is no reason why others may not. By the same argument I could prove that Raphael never painted a Madonna, and that Mendelssohn never wrote an oratorio, and that Phidias never chiseled a statue. Because we cannot accomplish it ourselves, we are not to conclude that others may not. There are in immensity great ranges of mists which have proved, under closer telegraphic scrutiny, to be the storehouse of worlds. and I do not know but from that passage in James, which to some of us is yet misty and dim, there may roll out a new heaven and a new earth.

"The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick."

The faith-curists may, in this war against disease, be only skirmishing before a general engagement, in which all heaven, and he had offered it. Death had been conquered, and he had put his resurrection foot upon it. The thirty-three years of voluntary exile had ended.

Surely, allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and electiesm need reinforcement from somewhere. Why not from the faith and prayer of the consecrated? The mightiest school of medicine may yet be the school of Christ. I do not know but that diseases, now by all schools pronounced incurable, may give way under gospel bombardment. I do not know but that the day may come when the faith and prayer shall raise the dead. Strauss and Voltaire and Spinoza and Hume and Schleiermacher rejected the miracles of the far past. I do not propose to be like them, and reject the miracles of the far future. This I know, the Christ of Ascension Day is mightier than any natural laws, for on the day of which I speak He trampled down the stoutest of them all. Law is mighty, but he who made it is mightier. Drive out fatalism from your theology, and give grace the throne.

Standing to-day on the Ascension peak of Mount Olivet I am also gladdened a the closing gesture, the last gesture Christ ever made. "He lifted up his hands and blessed them," says the inspired account of our Lord's departure. I am so glad he lifted up his hands. Gestures are often more significant than words, attitudes than arguments. Christ had made a gesture of contempt when with his finger he stooped to the ground; gesture of repulsion when he said: "Get thee behind me, Satan;" gesture of condemnation when he said: "Woe unto you, Pharisees and hypocrites." But his last gesture, his Olivetic gesture, is a gesture of benediction. He lifted up his hands and blessed them. His arms are extended, and the palms of his hands turned downward, and so he dropped benediction upon Olivet, benediction upon Palestine, benediction upon all the earth.

The cruel world took him in at the start on a cradle of straw, and at last thrust him out on the point of the spear; but benediction! Ascending until beneath, he saw on one side the Bethlehem where they put him among the cattle, and Calvary on the other side, where they put him among the thieves. As far as the excited and intensified vision of this group on Olivet could see him, and after he was so far up that they could no longer hear his words, they saw the gesture of benediction—both hands, the benediction. And that is his attitude to-day. His benediction upon the world's climates, and they are changing and will keep on changing until the atmosphere shall be a commingling of October and June. Benediction upon the deserts until they whiten with lily, and blush with rose, and yellow with corn-ship, and emerald with grass. Benedictions upon governments till they become more just and humane. Benedictions upon nations till they kneel in prayer. Benediction upon the whole earth until every mountain in an Olivet of consecration, and every lake a Galilee, on whose mosaic of crystal and opal, and sapphire, divine splendors shall walk. Oh! take the benediction of his pardon, sinners young and sinners old, sinners moderate and sinners abandoned. Take the benediction of his comfort, all ye broken hearted under bereavement and privation and myriad woes. Take his benediction, all ye sick beds, whether under acute spasms of pain or in long protracted invalidism. For orphanage and childlessness and widowhood, a benediction. For cradles and trundle-beds, and rocking chairs of octogenarians, a benediction. For life and for death, for time and for eternity, for earth and for heaven, a benediction. Sublimest gesture ever made, the last gesture of our ascending Lord. "And He lifted up His hands and blessed them."

Is our attitude the same? Is it the clenched fist or the open palm? Is it war with or is it kindness? Is it diabolism or Christism? God give us the grace of the open palm, open upward to get the benediction, open downward to pronounce a benediction. Oh, for kindness that would make our life a symphony suggestive of one of the ancient banquets where everything was set to music; the plates brought in and removed to the sound of music, the conversation lifting and dropping with the rise and falling of the music. But instead of the music of an earthly orchestra it would be the music of a heavenly charm, our words the music of kind thoughts, our steps the music of helpful deeds, our smile the music of encouraging looks, our youth and old age the first and last bars of music conducted by the pierced hand that was opened in love and spread downward in benediction on Olivetic heights on Ascension day.

"By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounted to the throne of God."

The Doctor's Orders.

Mrs. Smallpurse—"The doctor says I must get out of the city this summer. Now, I was just thinking that perhaps a cottage at the sea-side might——"

Mr. Smallpurse—"Your aunt and uncle at Mount Tiptop are very anxious to have you visit their lumber camp, you know."

Mrs. S.—"But that is in the mountains. The doctor says I must be on the water."

Mr. S.—"Um! Well, I think that can be managed. I know a very nice old couple who might be willing to take a boarder at a price within my means."

Mrs. S.—"That's splendid! Do they live on the water?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, indeed; all summer long. They run a canal boat."—[New York Weekly.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Horse Does Not Fatten.

P. M. K., Illinois: Has a horse that does not eat grain, and does not fatten. Says he may or may not have worms. Examine his teeth to ascertain if they are all sound. Watch the droppings or feces for a few days, and see if he passes small or large worms. If so give him, for round worms, spirits of turpentine, 1 oz.; raw linseed oil, 16 ozs. Give but little or no feed until the medicine operates. Then give a bran mash. If thread worms are found, take of perchloride of iron, 2 ozs.; freshly made lime water, 1 quart. Mix and give as an injection. After a day's time, and the horse is put on his feed again, give him every third day until three doses are given. Fowler's solution of arsenic, ½ oz.; iodide of potash, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. Mix for a draught with water or gruel.

Two Cows Give Lumpy Milk.

W. D., Illinois: You have, if your letter is properly understood, been feeding too much saltpeter. In certain cases a little of this is good, especially when a cow gives lumpy milk, but too much of it is positively bad. Give your cows a dose of salts of ¾ of a lb each. Mix with a quart of warm water, in which there is stirred a cupful of molasses. After the physic has operated, give an ounce of hyposulphite of soda once a day for a week, as a drench, mixed in a pint of gruel or water. Milk three times a day, bathe the udder with warm water, and knead the udder gently with the hands.

Lime as a Fertilizer.

W. V. F., Minnesota: Lime either as a carbonate or sulphate, is valuable as a manure. It is beneficial to all soils not sufficiently charged with it. It makes heavy land lighter and light land heavier. It is claimed by some people that lime eventually exhausts soil. What fact is, that by putting lime on soil, the insoluable ingredients contained in it are set free and they are thus enabled to aid in the formation of plants, and larger crops and of better quality are the results. If these crops be taken from the soil without a corresponding return of manure, exhaustion follows. The full amount of the materials taken from the soil by the annual crop should be added to the soil in the way of manure. Lime may be carried to the ground immediately after burning and placed in small heaps and left to slack by the rains, or it may at once be slacked with water and spread on the land preparatory to plowing. A good way is to put the lime in large piles and cover it with earth, which gradually reduces it to powder. It may then be conveyed by the cart or wagon to the place where it is needed. When small quantities only are wanted, it should be added to the compost heap, after it has been thoroughly air-slacked, avoiding fermentation as much as possible after it has been added. A thick coating of earth should be placed over the heap. Fresh burnt lime does not act on the crops during the first year, and it may be prepared by mixing it with three times its bulk of earth, as well as by spreading it directly upon the ground. Twenty to 25 bushels of lime to the acre is not too much on soils that are not already charged with it. You may judge from this whether or not it would be advisable to use lime at $1.30 per barrel. The best way for using lime that is so costly, is to mix a certain proportion with the muck heap, as spoken of above. New lime not slacked is a carbonate, containing 43 to 44 per cent of carbonic acid, which is expelled by calcination. After the acid has been driven off the lime is in its quick or caustic state. This explains to you that which is called quick lime. It is the latter condition that is applied to the soil.

To Break a Cow From Sucking Herself.

H. P. M. (no state): The author of the "Dairyman's Manual" suggests that a surcingle be buckled around the cow, behind the forelegs, and a halter be made for the head. Provide both of these with rings, to which a stiff rod of tough wood is fastened by snap-hooks at the ends, the rod being placed between the forelegs. Another way is to slit the tongue for about two inches. This prevents the action of suction. The operation should be performed when the cow is dry, and the wound heals very soon.

Lungs and Nervous Diseases.

H. W., Missouri: You want to know a sure cure for "lungs and nervous diseases." As you do not state whether in man or beast, the editor is unable to answer you.

Heaves in Horse.

G. M., Missouri: A cure for heaves is impossible, as the small cells in the lungs are ruptured. A tablespoonful of lobelia given in the feed, once a day for a week, and then once or twice a week, will stop them for a time. Give the animal a physic of raw linseed oil once every two or three months, and wet all hay and oats given him.

Cough in Cow.

Mrs. R. J. B., Wisconsin: For the cough in your cow, rub her breast well with mustard stirred up in warm water. Give her as a drench, once a day when the cough is troublesome, a tablesoonful of tar; the same quantity of molasses; a dr. of nitrate of potash, and 2 drs. of sulphur; stir in a pint of warm milk. If the milk has a blue appearance, and the cow runs toward emboverishment, she very likely has consumption. If this be the case, fattening food should be given, and the digestive organs kept from constipation. Wet all the hay you give her. Grass is a proper food. Consumption is hereditary in some cattle, and from these no calves should be raised.

Instructions for Planting and Cultivating Sugar Beets.

Soil.—The soil should be well drained and with a good exposure to the light. It should be of loose texture, easily pulverized and of average fertility.

Fertilizing.—Barnyard manure should not be applied immediately before planting, but if the soil has received a dressing of well rotted manure the previous autumn, which has been well plowed and left over winter, it may be of advantage. If fertilizers are employed, superphosphates of lime, containing from 10 to 15 per cent of available phosphoric acid, may be used at the rate of 250 to 300 pounds per acre; if nitrogen is employed it should be only in moderate quantities and best in the form of nitrate of soda at the rate of 100 to 150 pounds per acre; potash may be supplied in the form of kainite at the rate of 200 to 400 pounds per acre, or a high grade sulphate at the rate of 50 to 100 pounds per acre. It is probable that in most soils where experiments are made this year no fertilizers of any kind will be used and very good beets can be grown on most of our Western soils without the use of fertilizers at present. When fertilizers are employed they may be sown broadcast or drilled in the rows and best at the time of planting.

Preparation of Soil.—If the soil is deep and rich, it may be plowed at once to the depth of 12 or 15 inches. In less fertile soils it is best to plow to the depth of 8 or 9 inches, and subsoil to the depth of 4 or 5 inches. The land should be thoroughly harrowed and reduced to a fine condition of tilth before planting.

Planting.—For small patches the seed can be put in by hand. For larger fields drills can be provided. In general, the rows should be 18 inches apart, and the seed planted so as to give one for about every three inches. When the beets begin to show four leaves, they should be thinned so they will stand at a distance of from 6 to 9 inches apart in the rows, according to the fertility of the soil. This regular thinning of the beets is absolutely necessary to secure a high sugar content, and it should be completed before they show six leaves. In very fertile soils the beets should be left closer together, while in less fertile ones they should be further apart. The object in all cases, should be to grow a beet which will average about one pound in weight after it is cleaned and topped.

Cultivation.—It is best to have the beets cultivated flat and not planted in ridges. Any method of cultivation which will keep out the weeds and keep the ground thoroughly stirred will be sufficient. It is important that the hoe should be used, especially at the time of thinning, and, to secure good results, this method of cultivation should not be neglected. The cultivation of beets should be continued about the same time as for ordinary crops, and they should be laid by when the leaves begin to thoroughly cover the ground.

If beets are planted in small patches, they should be in such a position as not to be shaded by other growing crops, especially corn, as the free exposure to sunlight is absolutely necessary to produce a beet containing a maximum percentage of sugar.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Gapes in Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—A lady asks for a remedy for gapes. Would say feed so as not to produce gapes. After several years' trouble, I came to the conclusion to try baking the meal, and had no more trouble. After the chick is six or eight months old, I feed cracked corn or wheat. Will you try this plan and report through THE BLADE Farmstead?—R. E. MILLS, New York.

Pekin Ducks.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Will some one tell me how to succeed best raising the White Pekin ducks?—IDELLA FLOYD, West Virginia.

Very Much Pleased.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I am very much pleased with the poultry department in your valuable paper. I have been interested in poultry for some time. I believe there is money in raising poultry, as well as a great deal of pleasure. On the 1st of January, 1889, my stock consisted of ten hens (common kind). They laid during the year 915 eggs. I raised a few pullets, and killed a few for use in the family. After deducting the cost of feed and price of a small hen house and yard, I had a profit of $9. Is that a fair profit? For the amount invested, I think it is. I do not know what the other readers of THE BLADE think. I intend trying this year some Brahmas, and to cross brown Leghorns with Plymouth Rock cock.—RICHARD HUGHES, Pennsylvania.

Success to Poultry Department.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I feel an increasing interest in the poultry column, and I hope there will be many to contribute. As my husband leaves me sole care of the chickens and calves, I shall feel very grateful for any and all the information I can get through the BLADE, and I find many recipes contained therein which are of untold value to me. Can any one tell me the disease my hen has? She does not seem to be choked, as she puts up a kind of a snort or squeak as if she might have something in her windpipe. She eats, but does not lay and her comb has a purplish hue. Another died very suddenly; being well in the morning, singing happily, and eating good. When I went to feed them at night I found her dead and apparently had fallen from roosting-pole, not yet cold. On examination found her very fat and looking purple as far as between the wings; her body contained a nice large egg, which showed she had not layed that day. Any information will be thankfully received.—MRS. J. B. PARK, Pennsylvania.

A Chicken Hawk Exterminator.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Here is a little of my wife's experience in the poultry business: The hawks in Kentucky, as well as in many other parts of the United States, are very detrimental to the poultry business, and I will give the readers of THE BLADE her remedy, which will not only kill the hawks, but also kill the lice on the little chickens and make them healthy. My wife, for the last three years, has bought each year, about ten cents' worth of strychnine. She takes a small portion of it and mixes it well with lard or butter, in a large spoon, or something that is convenient. Then she takes the ointment thus prepared and anoints the comb of each little chicken's head. She then turns them loose and woe be the hawk that dares molest them! She has used this remedy for three years, with success. Be careful not to use too much, a very little is sufficient, and what is not used should be put away in a safe place, where nothing can get to it. Several instances I know of, in which the hawk has been found dead beside the chicken, and the chicken all there but its head. The head is the first part of a chicken attacked.—WILLIS C. HUTCHINS, Kentucky.

Raised Twenty-Eight Different Breeds.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I am now much delighted with THE BLADE since the addition of the poulty column, as I am somewhat interested in that business and have been for the last seven years, have run the business quite extensively until the last year, breeding as different breeds of chickens for six years and raising a variety of different breeds. Now I only breed six distinct breeds of chickens, and white turkeys, white guineas and white crested ducks. I find the breeds I now keep to be the best for profit and ready sales out in this far off western country. I always breed the very best I can find, as I import all my new blood direct from the East, which is quite expensive by the time it reaches me, as the express charges are out of all reason.

I see some speak about how to feed poultry. I have a system of my own, and I feed a tablespoon heaping full to each fowl, of oats in the morning and a level spoonful of a soft boiled mash at noon, and the same amount of wheat at night, and occasionally some vegetables through the day. The large, lazy breeds of fowls I feed a little less, as I find it does not require so much for them except Brahmas and Langhans, which require still more, as the Langhans require more feed than any breed I ever kept. I always furnish them all the pounded glass they will eat. I pound up all kinds of glass and bottles. I have a heavy sheet iron mortar or light boiler iron, similar to a stove pipe, eight inches in diameter and twenty-four high, with a heavy wrought iron bottom rivited on, with an inch iron bar five feet long, and a loose lid to cover the mortar, cut out of sheet iron or wood, with a hole through it to admit the bar to pass through to prevent the glass from flying out while pounding. This mortar is good to crush oyster shells and bones. The end of the bar by which shell and bones are pounded, should be pointed with steel, flattened to three inches wide. The end to pound glass should be round to allow it to pass through the loose lid. I now read THE BLADE and especially the poultry department and the hippe column, with great interest, for I find many useful points in each issue. I am not a subscriber myself but I have my wife take THE BLADE and I do not think we will ever be without it in our house, as my wife files each copy away for future reference, which we have found to be very useful on several occasions. It has saved us more than the price of THE BLADE for the next ten years.—S. W. GAINES, Oregon.

Peaches from Cuttings.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—It may not be generally known that the peach will grow from cuttings. It will, all the same. As the peach is quite bad to graft, any one can start their own orchard.—I. H. ALLEN.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

The Condition of Trade During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, dated New York, May 10, says: During the past week the business situation has changed but little; the outward manifestations vary somewhat, but the leading facts are still the enormous volume of traffic in progress, the expectation of monetary expansion, and the absence of forces at present seriously disturbing even in details. Chief and most potent of present favoring influences is still the prospect of increased monetary use of silver in some form.

Labor controversies cause less interruption than has been anticipated. It has come to be recognized that injury to the winter wheat may count for 50,000,000 bushels at least, but spring seeding has covered an increased acreage, and a larger yield of that kind would naturally follow higher prices.

Cotton is a shade weaker than a week ago, and accounts of injury less impressive.

Iron shows no great change, the radical facts in that branch being the transfer of part of the production to southern instead of northern fields.

The increase in wool supply this year cannot be large, but the expectations of higher prices so generally entertained by growers tend to embarrass the manufacture. Boston sales were large, with prices stiff.

Movement of meats continue heavy. At Chicago 3,000,000 pounds of dressed beef, against 2,945,000 last year and for the year thus far 50,000,000 against 18,000,000 lbs. last year. Beef cattle have reached the highest point for the year; lard receipts at Chicago are nearly double, and hogs grow stronger at the west. In general, operations in products are very large, with advancing prices, but mainly because of expected loss in production this year.

The dry goods business continues in full volume at Chicago, larger than last year, and the shoe trade is also larger. The volume of all trade shown by exchanges outside of New York remains about 10 per cent above last year's, which in turn, was the largest on record. The reports from interior cities indicate fairly maintained activity, with money markets nowhere stringent, though at Chicago and some other points closer about May 1 than before, on account of settlements for taxation. Here, disbursements about May 1 were larger than ever before, approaching $30,000,000.

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number 209, as compared with 211 last week. For the corresponding period of last year the figures were 227.

WINTER WHEAT.

Illinois Will Only Turn Out About Half a Crop.

The Illinois agricultural department report on the condition of winter wheat in the state upon data collected up to May 1, has been issued. The reports from the most important wheat-growing counties confirm the accuracy of the estimates made by this department on March 23, and indicate even a lower average of plants.

The area winter killed or destroyed by flood and fly will reach 38 per cent of the area seeded last fall, and the condition of that left standing for harvest is not encouraging for more than 75 per cent of an average yield an acre. The condition of the wheat crop therefore is nearly 35 per cent short of an average for May 1.

The sectional review of the winter wheat portion of the state shows that in the northern division 67,534 acres were seeded last fall, of which 61,424 acres are now growing, with a prospect of 89 per cent of an average yield. These counties, 33 in number, devote so small an area to winter wheat that it is scarcely worth while to take it into consideration in estimating the yield in the state.

The central division, embracing 35 counties includes what is known as the winter wheat belt of Illinois, and in this division, 1,077,854 acres were seeded to winter wheat last fall, of which 621,750 acres are reported growing with an average condition, showing a prospect for 73 per cent. In the southern division, embracing 34 counties, 916,980 acres were seeded to winter wheat, and of these 602,907 are now growing with a prospect of 78 per cent.

The situation may be summed up as follows: The area of winter wheat in Illinois by winter killing, floods, fly and all other causes, has decreased from 2,002,583 acres sown last fall to 1,286,161 acres now growing. The winter wheat product last year in Illinois was a little over 35,000,000 bushels. This year it will not be over 17,000,000 bushels.

MICHIGAN CROPS.

The Lansing Report for May Has Just Been Issued.

The Michigan state department on May 8 issued the regular monthly crop report for May. It shows that of the area seeded to wheat last fall, 10 per cent in the southern, 13 per cent in the central, and 1 per cent in the northern counties will be plowed up because of winter-killing.

The condition of wheat was but little improved during April, and is 17 per cent below that of one year ago. The poorest wheat is in the twelve central counties lying east of Kent and Allegan. On the whole wheat is in a bad condition, and correspondents report that a still larger area would be plowed up were the fields not seeded to clover.

Two Weeks Late.

Crop reports from 65 counties show that cool weather prevailed throughout the state during the past week. There was a general distribution of moisture, mitigating the effects of the prevailing drought. The season appears to be about two weeks later than last year.

THE TARIFF BILL.

THE DEBATE OPENS.

McKinley's Speech—He Outlines the the Purposes of the Bill.

The House of Representatives on May 8 went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill. On motion of Mr. Mills the committee granted to Mr. McKinley the privilege of speaking without limitation of time, and a similar privilege was accorded to Mr. Mills on motion of Mr. McKinley.

Mr. McKinley then took the floor in support of the bill. In the last political campaign the tariff had been the leading question before the people. It seemed to him that no extended discussion of this great principle was expected or required or necessary under existing conditions; for, in calling attention to the political contest of 1888, it was that the protective policy as promulgated by the Republican party in its platform, as maintained by the Republican party through a long series of years, should be established in any legislation which should be had by a Congress chosen in this great contest and on this mastering issue. He interpreted the majority in this house to mean, he inferred, that the policy declared by the people of the United States by the present Chief Executive to mean that a revision of the tariff was demanded by the people, and that the revision should bring the line and the full recognition of the principles and purposes of protection. [Applause.]

The people had spoken and they asked this Congress to register their will and embody their verdict in legislation. The bill presented by the committee on Ways and Means to the House was a thorough answer to that demand. It was a full recognition of the principle and purpose of the protective tariff. The bill had not abolished the internal revenue tax, as the Republican party had pledged itself to do in the event that that abolition was necessary to preserve the protective system, because the committee believed the abolition of the one was not necessary for the preservation of the other.

The bill recommended the abolition of all special taxes and the reduction of the tax on tobacco and snuff, and it removed the restrictions upon the growers of tobacco. With these exceptions the internal revenue law stood as at present. If these recommendations were agreed to the internal taxation would be reduced a little over $50,000,000. The committee also recommended a provision requiring all imported articles to bear a stamp or mark indicating the country in which such articles are manufactured.

The reason that actuated the committee was that it was a practice too common among some of the countries of the world to copy some of our best known brands and sell them in competition with our own home-made product. The next proposition was to increase and extending and liberalizing the drawback sections of the law.

Under the existing statute, any citizen of the United States could import any article, pay the duty upon it, make it into a complete product, export it and the government refunded 99 per cent of the duty paid on the raw material. The committee recommended that hereafter the government should refund only 1 per cent instead of 99 per cent. This gave to the people of the United States free practically raw material for the export trade. The committee said to the capitalists of the country: "If you think you can go into the foreign markets with free raw material, we give you within 1 per cent of free raw material and you try and see what you can do. [Laughter.]

This provision completely disposed of what had sometimes seemed an almost unanswerable argument urged by gentlemen on the other side, that if the manufacturers only had free raw material they could compete in the markets of the world.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, inquired whether this provision applied to wood.

Mr. McKinley replied that it applied to everything. It was asserted by the minority that the bill would not reduce the revenue of the government, but that, on the contrary, it would increase the revenue. That statement was a mistake. It could only be upon the assumption that the importations of the present year under this bill would be equal to the importation of like articles under existing law. The instant duties were increased to a fair protective point, that instant the importation diminished and the revenues correspondingly diminished. No one could dispute that proposition. If the bill should become a law the revenues of the government would be diminished from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000.

After discussing the bill more in detail, Mr. McKinley said that under the provisions of the bill, the annual imports of $25,000,000 of agricultural products would be supplied the people of the United States by the American farmer rather than the Canadian farmer, and that $25,000,000 added to the wealth of farmers would relieve some of the depression prevailing and give them confidence and courage and increased ability to raise the mortgages upon their farms. [Applause.] In framing the twelve years of reciprocity with Canada, the United States had bought much more than it had sold. What Canada wanted, what other countries wanted, was a free and open market in the United States. What the United States wanted, if it ever had reciprocity, was reciprocity with equality, reciprocity that was fair. reciprocity that was just, reciprocity that would give her her share in the trade or the bargain she made with the other countries of the world. Whenever the United States had trade, reciprocity or low duties it had always been the loser. But he would not discuss reciprocity. This was a domestic bill; it was not a foreign bill. [Applause.]

Mr. McKinley explained and defended the wool schedule and the paragraph in the metal schedule concerning tin plate, and then passed to the consideration of the free list. He said that the committee had taken from the free list and placed on the dutiable list eighteen articles, ten of which were articles of agriculture. If the same quantity should be imported this year as was imported last year, this would increase the revenue $2,400,000. If had taken from the dutiable list and put upon the free list forty-eight articles which last year paid to the Treasury $61,000,000—$55,000,000 of which was from sugar alone.

Referring to the carpet industry in the United States, he said that the price of carpets had gone down while the ad valorem equivalent had gone up. It was the high ad valorem that the gentlemen on the other side saw, while they shut their eyes to the diminished price. The favorite assault of the Democratic free trader and revenue tariff reformer was to parade this high percentage and ad valorem equivalent to show the enormous burden of taxation imposed upon the people. When steel rails were $100 a ton there was an equivalent ad valorem duty upon them of 28 per cent; but when by protection the price of steel rails had been reduced to $30 a ton, because of this duty of 28 per cent, which had induced our manufacturers to engage in that business, the ad valorem equivalent was found to be per cent.

The Democrats looked at the per cent; the Republicans looked at the prices. The Republicans would rather have steel rails at $30 per ton and an ad valorem of 50 per cent than rails at $100 a ton and an ad valorem of 28 per cent. The Democrats pursued the shadow; the Republicans enjoyed the substance. [Applause.] The Democrats would rather have an ad valorem equivalents and high prices than high ad valorem equivalents and low prices. What was the complaint against the bill? Was it that it would stop exportation and interfere with our foreign markets? The foreign markets were as accessible under the bill as under existing law. They were as accessible as under absolute free trade.

The committee would encourage foreign trade and sustain it; but what peculiar sanctity hung about the foreign market that did not attach to the domestic market? Was the foreign consumer better consumer than the American consumer? Was not the American consumer a better consumer, and therefore a better customer for the American consumer? Under the existing tariff we bought more abroad than we sold and paid the balance in gold—an unhealthy state of affairs. The organized opposition to the bill came from the consignees here and the consignors here and abroad. Why? Because it would check their business. The press of other countries had condemned the bill. Why? Because it worked against them. This was an American bill, made for American interests.

Much had been said about our foreign trade and commerce, and our vast domestic commerce had been ignored. What boots it that the product of the great west found their markets in New York and Chicago rather than in Europe. Why should we pass over the best market of the world—our own market?

Notwithstanding all of these croakings, however, we were now exporting more products than at any time in our history. Our exports had increased 33 per cent more than our imports. Free trade Great Britain, while Great Britain had between 1870 and 1880 lost 13 per cent of her commerce, the United States had gained 27 per cent, and with the same system of shipping that Great Britain gave, the ships of the United States would plow every sea, under the American flag, in successful competition with the ships of the world. [Applause.]

On an Atlantic coast this year would be produced 100,000 tons of shipping, built by American workmen of American material. We had enjoyed 20 years of continuous prosperity—the most marked since the foundation of the government—and found ourselves in greater prosperity than at any other time. In the arts and sciences, in wealth, in national honor, we were at the front. In 1880, after fourteen years of revenue tariff, the country was in a state of depression. We had neither money nor credit. We had both now. We had a surplus revenue. Under the Republican tariff system was restored and courage reanimated. With a great war on hand, with money flowing into the treasury to save the government, industries were springing up and every hand under the protection of the policy of protections

The accumulations of the working classe had increased; their deposits in savings banks exceeded those of the working classes of any other country. The public debt told their own story. The public debt of the United States per capita was less than that of any nation of the world. We lead all nations in agriculture and mining. Could any party furnish such evidences of prosperity? Yet men were found to talk about the restraints we put upon trade. The gre

'men were starving for bread there," while wheat, scarcely worth its transportation, lay like a leaden weight on prostrate agriculture.

I waited breathlessly for more; but, alas, in vain. Here he halted and was done. In God's name is this the market you ask American farmers to sell their wheat in? Are they to trundle their grain from the Dakotas to the old world and wait for the aristocratic patron of "the government soup house" and the other subjects "starving for bread," ot bid against each other and fix the price? Until you have fastened upon this fair land a free trade tariff for revenue only; until the spiders are weaving their webs over looms now weaving cloth; until idle labor blockades the streets of our cities; until our coastwise and inland steamers rot at the wharves and moss grows over the iron highway of our interstate commerce; until all the horrors of '57 come back and come to stay, do not, in gracious Heaven's name ask our farmers to raise cheaper wheat to season the soup of the hungry millions beyond the seas. [Applause.]

Monday's Debate.

After the reading of the journal on the 12th, Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, moved that the general debate on the tariff bill be limited to one minute. An absence of a quorum rendered a call of the House necessary. A quorum appearing, the motion was agreed to after two roll calls, and the House went into committee of the whole, Mr. Dawson, of Illinois, in the chair, on the tariff bill.

No one desiring to occupy the one minute, the clerk proceeded to read the bill by paragraphs for amendments. Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, offered an amendment (to come in after the enacting clause) providing that any citizen of the United States who manufactures or produces articles and sells them outside of the United States, shall be entitled to admit free of duty any article of commerce which he may desire to use in his business, to the values of the articles exported.

After explaining that his proposition was to reverse action of the old principle of reciprocity, Mr. Breckenridge demanded tellers on his amendment and it was lost, 83 to 111.

Mr. Anderson, of Kansas, then arose and offered an amendment providing that the President may suspend the rate of duty on any imported article when, in his judgment, the production, manufacture or sale of such article is monopolized or attempted to be monopolized or controlled by any trust or combination. After a spirited debate Mr. Anderson's amendment was adopted on division—76 to 57.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Owens, of Indiana, were the only Republicans voting in favor of it. The announcement of the vote was received with applause from the Democratic side.

On a vote by tellers, the amendment was rejected—ayes 91, nays 110, the Republicans in turn greeting the announcement of the vote with applause.

Mr. Bland, of Missouri, offered an amendment proposing to admit free foreign goods when exchanged for American products. Rejected—ayes 72, nays 92.

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, offered an amendment proposing to change the date upon which the bill is to take effect from July 1 next to July 1, 1891. Rejected—ayes 74, nays 92.

The enacting clause was passed over and the clerk proceeded to read the dutiable sections. He reached the second item—boracic acid—when Mr. Niedringhaus, of Missouri, proposed an amendment making the duty on boracic acid three cents instead of five cents a pound. He explained that although he had been elected upon a strictly protective basis, his constituents thoroughly understood his position on this question. He did not run for Congress—he was driven to it by the laboring people of his district. He had been accused of not being willing to treat others as he would be treated. Now, he would, at the proper time, allow other persons twice the advantage in their business that he asked for his own business. [Democratic laughter.]

The amendment was rejected—62 to 75.

Mr. Covert, of New York, moved to strike out the clause imposing a duty of a quarter of a cent a pound on muriatic acid.

The debate became desultory in character, sometimes amusing, sometimes political and sometimes bordering on the personal, after which Mr. Covert's motion was lost.

A motion made by Mr. Covert to strike out the duty on sulphuric acid met with a similar fate.

The committee then rose and the House adjourned.

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Both branches adjourned to attend the funeral of Senator Beck.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—In the Senate the House bill to authorize the secretary of War to deliver to the state of Colorado the flags carried by Colorado regiments during the war of the rebellion was reported and passed after an explanation that while the flags of state regiments were carried home with them, those of the territorial regiments were kept in Washington.

House bill to amend the act to divide the state of Missouri into two judicial districts, was reported and passed after an explanation that it was rendered necessary by two mistakes made by the enrolling clerk of the House in enrolling the act.

Mr. Gray moved to proceed to the consideration of the bill to transfer the revenue marine service to the Navy department. Agreed to—yeas 29, nays 24.

Mr. Cockrell spoke against the bill and was still speaking when at 2 o'clock the presiding officer announced that under last Friday's agreement the bill would be laid aside and the Senate would proceed to the consideration of the Senate bill authorizing the issue of treasury notes on deposit of silver bullion.

In the House only routine work was transacted.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—In the Senate, on motion of Mr. Morrill, the House bill providing for the classification of worsted cloths as woolens was taken up for consideration and debated at great length and passed, 32 to 20. The pension appropriation bill was then taken up. Amendments offered by Mr. Sherman and Mr. Washburn, to increase the number of pension agents from 6 to 8, and to 10, gave rise to a long discussion. As a vote disclosed the absence of a quorum (only 34 members present) the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the day was devoted to tariff discussion.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—In the Senate, the general appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the tariff bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Mr. Dawes presented a communication from the delegates of the five Indian nations, remonstrating against the numerous grants of right of way for railroads through the Indian territory, stating that in many of the cases the grant is sought and obtained merely for speculative purposes, and asking that no more such grants be made, at least until there is a great change in existing conditions.

Mr. Cameron gave notice that on Friday, the 16th, he would present resolutions as to the death of the late Representative Kelley.

The army appropriation bill was then taken up, the pending question being Mr. Hale's amendment providing that no alcoholic liquors, beer or wine shall be sold and supplied to enlisted men in any canteen or building in a garrison or military post, and Mr. Cockrell's amendment to it striking out the words "beer or wine." The latter amendment was disagreed to—yeas 16, nays 28—a party vote, except that Mr. Sherman voted "aye" with the Democrats. Mr. Hale's amendment was then agreed to—yeas 29, nays 15—a strict party vote. Mr. Sherman stating that to order to make a quorum, and with some doubts, he voted aye. Mr. Butler suggested that to make the thing complete there should now be a provision inserted in the bill to supply nursing bottles, infants' food, catnip tea and such things for the use of the officers and soldiers of the army. The bill was then passed.

In the House the tariff bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—In the Senate the bill to authorize the issue of Treasury notes on deposits of silver bullion was discussed, and in the House the day was devoted to the consideration of the tariff bill by sections.

HAS FALLEN AGAIN.

Carlisle's Faults so Open that Concealment is Impossible.

Mr. Carlisle was not in his seat in the House on May 6, but was at home, sick—a kind of "sickness" which, it is said, has about exhausted the patience of his friends and the forbearance of the press representatives at the capital. Just at this juncture, when the legislature of Kentucky is preparing to select Mr. Carlisle to the seat vacated by the death of Mr. Beck, that gentleman improves an occasion of grief and sorrow to once more make a sad and mournful spectacle of himself. On the departure of the Beck funeral train from the station Mr. Carlisle was in such a condition that he had to be removed from public sight.

Generally these lapses have been kindly overlooked by the press, or at least not made public, but this time, because of the significance of the occasion and the the important results pending in Kentucky, the wires have been busy last night and this morning in relating the circumstances of Mr. Carlisle's illness. It is deeply to be deplored that at such a time Mr. Carlisle should have repeated an offense that once cost him the chief Justiceship of the Supreme court and may now deprive him of a long-coveted seat in the Senate.

Harrison and the Silver Bill.

Western Senators and members of the House who have been in close consultation with the President since the discussion of the silver question began, express the belief that the President will approve almost any measure on this subject that Congress will send to him.

Bills Passed by the Senate.

In the senate on May 9, the annual pension appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment creating two more pension agencies. The military academy appropriation bill was passed, and the army appropriation bill was discussed.

Mrs. Parnell's Pension.

The House has passed the pension bill of Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, with an amendment making the rate of pension $50 per month and the Senate bill increasing the pension of Brigadier General Ayers to $75 per month.

REJECTED IT.

The Senate Pensions Committee Recommends that the Morrill Bill be Disagreed To.

Senator Davis, with the unanimous concurrence of the other members of the Senate Pensions committee, on May 13 submitted a report recommending that the Senate do not agree to the amendments made by the House to the Senate dependent pension bill.

The differences between the two bodies are radical, and the members of the Senate committee announce their determination not to agree to the House bill under any conditions.

The bill, as it passed the Senate, was a dependent pension measure, identical to that vetoed by President Cleveland. The House amended the bill by passing a substitute measure—the Morrill bill—which is both a dependent and service pension bill.

FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

The Bill for their Control Introduced in the House.

Representative Rowell, of Illinois, chairman of the committee on Elections, who was instructed by the House caucus to prepare a bill for the extension of the functions of national supervisors of elections, introduced the measure in the House. It is patterned upon the bill prepared by the Senate committee on Privileges and Elections and reported by Senator Hoar, but carries the principle of petition for judicial interference further, in that it permits fifty or more voters in a county or parish, instead of requiring one hundred voters, to secure the benefits of supervisory system.

It provides punishment for any person who shall change the position of boxes intended for congressional ballots with the intention to deceive. The chief supervisor in each election district is required to keep to a poll list and a list of rejected votes, showing the reasons for their rejection. He is also required to separately receive these rejected ballots, place the name of the voter upon the back and inclose them in separate envelopes. The supervisors are also required to inspect all ballots as they are being canvassed and counted by the local election officers, and to make a separate return of the result of the vote, being governed by the laws of the state in the counts, except as otherwise provided in the act. They are also to inspect the returns for representatives and delegates in congress of local inspectors of elections and note whether or not they disagree with their own returns. In case polls are not opened within one hour from the time fixed by the state law, it is the duty of the supervisor to open them as to ballot for representatives and delegates in congress only and to conduct the election and make returns according to state law.

In each judicial district a canvassing board is to be created composed of the chief supervisor, the United States district attorney and the United States marshal. This board is to correct imperfect returns with the assistance of the supervisors; to tabulate the returns of the representatives and delegates and furnish a copy to the attorney general and clerk of the House of Representatives.

This latter officer is to examine the returns and where the result conflicts with the return of the local canvassing board to the extent of returning a different person to Congress, then neither of the persons so certified is to be placed upon the roll of members until the House shall decide which has been duly elected. With the exception of the provisions above noted, the bill is essentially similar in terms and language to the Hoar bill.

THE SILVER BILL.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, Makes a Speech On It.

The Senate on May 12 proceeded to discuss the bill authorizing the issue of treasury notes on deposits of silver bullion. Mr. Jones, of Nevada, who reported the bill from the committee on Finance, addressed the Senate.

He spoke of the general unrest prevailing throughout the country. Prices of all commodities, he said, had fallen and continued to fall. Such a phenomenon as a constant and progressive fall in the general range of prices had always excited doleful anticipations on the prosperity of mankind that it never failed to excite attention.

When a fall in prices was found operating on the products of all industries, when it was found not to be confined to any particular country or race, but to be diffused over the civilized world—found not to be a characteristic of any one year, but to go on for a series of years—it became manifest that it could not arise from local, temporary or subordinate causes, but that it must have its genesis and development in some principal of universal application. What was it, he asked, that produced a general decline of prices in any country? It was a shrinkage in the volume of money relatively to the population and business. The world had never had a proper system of money, and inflation and speculation had been stimulated at times by great yields from mines; and when those mines were worked out then came revulsion and adversity.

It is worth while to speak of the natural ratio between gold and silver existing for 2,500 or 3,000 years—a ratio of 15½ to 1—and said that it was only since the legislative proscription of silver in Germany and the United States and its banishment from the mints of Europe that any material change in that ratio took place; and that the present divergence in the relative value of the two metals was directly due to the legal outlawry of silver and not to any natural causes. It had always been the object of the creditor class to enhance the value of money by reducing its volume, so that when the gold mines of California and Australia were producing the largest yield, it was proposed to demonetize gold. The motive of demonetization, in the case of silver as well as of gold, was, Mr. Jones said, to aggrandize the creditor class of the world, and to centralize, so far as practicable, the rewards of the hardy toilers.

He spoke of the demonetization of silver by Germany after her war with France as having inflicted greater evils on her people than her armies had inflicted on France; and said that when it began to have its effect, a veritable negira of the German population began to take place. If surprise were felt at the selfishness of the privileged classes in Europe in demonetizing silver as it had, it was to be said in the defence of the United States in demonetizing silver? So such stupendous act of folly and injustice, he said, had ever been perpetrated by the representatives of a free people.

The United States was not a creditor nation. Its people did not own thousands of millions in foreign bonds, so that they would be paid their interest in appreciated money. Instead of demonetization helping to rob the creditor foreigners it helped them to despoil debtors in America. In view of all the circumstances, in view of the herculean difficulties with which the nation was surrounded in 1873, the demonetization of silver by the United States had to be regarded as one of those historical blunders that were worse than crimes. It was the child of ignorance and avarice, and it had produced the grim life parent of enforced idleness, poverty and misery. No better remedy could be applied than the absolute reversal of that legislation and putting back the monetary system of the country to what it was before 1873.

All the nations of the earth had used silver as money up to 1819, when Great Britain sundered the silver link that bound her to other nations—doing so for reasons of her own, arising from her position as creditor of all nations; but the industry of the English nation became congealed by reason of that contraction of the currency. Within seven years thereafter the number of her land owners had been reduced by reason of forced sales, from 160,000 to 30,000; and one out of every seven of her population had had to live wholly or in part upon the legalized charity. That had been part of the price imposed upon the English people by the creditor class.

In regard to the bill pending before the Senate, Mr. Jones said that he had reported it from the committee on finance, but that it did not fully reflect his views regarding the relation which silver should bear to the monetary circulation of the country or the world. He declared himself at all times and in all places a firm and unwavering advocate of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. In view, however, of the great diversity of views prevailing on the subject, and the possibility that by reason of such diversity the session of Congress might terminate without affording the country any relief from the baleful and benumbing effects of the demonetization of silver, he had joined with other members of the committee in reporting the bill.

Under the circumstances, however, he wished to say that he held himself free to vote for any amendment that might be offered which might tend to make the bill a more perfect measure of relief, and that might be more in consonance with his individual convictions.

Postponed Again.

The meeting of the Executive committee of the Republican national committee which was to have been held in Washington on May 12, has again been postponed, this time indefinitely. The reason given for the postponement is the absence of First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson.

Secretary Tracy's Home.

The house of Secretary Tracy, fronting on Farragut square, which stands in the same blackened and dilapidated condition in which it was left after the fire of last winter, was sold on May 7 to Capt. Augustus C. Tyler, of 1 street, for $30,750.

AN HONEST COUNT.

Superintendent Potter Issues an Independent Census Order.

The superintendent of the census has issued the following important order to the supervisors of census:

It has been brought to the attention of the superintendent of census that the city councils and boards of trade of certain western cities have appropriated sums of money to aid their census supervisors in the enumeration of the population.

While it may be urged by some that such a proceeding is legitimate and merely intended to help the government to obtain full enumeration, I am compelled to look upon it as an almost irresistible temptation to fraud, and as a consequence endangering an honest count of the people. If tolerated by this office, it would have a tendency to bring the whole census into disrepute.

You are, therefore, positively instructed not to receive any such compensation yourself, nor countenance for one instant the payment of any sum of money whatever by municipalities, corporations, associations or persons to enumerators. Any supervisor of census who is not content with the remuneration allowed by law (which is double the amount in 1880) should at once resign. The eleventh census must and shall be above suspicion.

THE HALE AMENDMENT.

Regulars Can Not Buy Liquor In Their Canteens.

The Senate, by a vote of 30 ayes to 13 nays, on May 10, adopted the Hale amendment to the army bill which forbids the sale of liquor in the army canteens. The bill was subsequently passed with this provision in it.

This is the amendment which was adopted in the committee of the whole, and subsequently stricken out in the House. It will be for the conference to decide whether it shall remain in the bill.

NOMINATIONS.

The Latest Appointments to Office by the President.

The President sent to the Senate on May 8 the following nominations:

George W. Steele, of Indiana, to be governor of the territory of Oklahoma.

Robert Martin, of Oklahoma, secretary of the territory of Oklahoma.

Supreme court officials of the territory of Oklahoma—Edward B. Green, of Illinois, chief justice; Abraham J. Seay, of Missouri, and John G. Clark, of Wisconsin, associate justices; Warren S. Lary, of Virginia, United States marshal; Horace Speed, of Oklahoma, United States attorney; Albert H. Jones, to be United States marshal of Colorado.

GENERAL NEWS.

RIGHTING THE WRONG.

Justice to Those Who Were Driven From Their Homes by Cleveland.

The long contested Crow Creek reservation matter in South Dakota is drawing to a close. In February, 1885, President Arthur issued a proclamation throwing a portion of the Crow Creek and Winnebago reservations open to settlement. The rush of settlers to these lands will be remembered. Buildings were erected and preparations were being completed for putting in the season's crop, when, less than two months after the lands were thrown open to settlement, President Cleveland, who was informed by his attorney general that the land had been illegally opened, issued a proclamation ordering the settlers to leave.

Many obeyed, but a number refused to leave. Those who remained were notified that troops would be sent to remove them in case they did not vacate forthwith, but they still remained. An effort was made by a posse of Indian police to eject them, but without avail. No effort was ever again made to remove them. A few of the settlers were still on the land when the Sioux reservation was opened and they will now receive title for their claims as the lands as opened in 1885 was included in that opened to settlement by the Sioux bill. In order to give those who left when ordered off an opportunity to again secure their claims, a clause was inserted in the Sioux bill, giving them a priority of 90 days against all later entries in which to re-locate upon their old claims. The 90 days given them expired on May 10. Nearly all the old settlers have re-located upon their land.

TO FIGHT THE STANDARD.

The State of Ohio Has Commenced Suit Against the Trust.

Attorney-General Watson, of Ohio, on May 8, brought suit in *quo-warranto* in the Supreme court to take from the Standard Oil company its charter for violation of the law in various ways.

The petition refers to the general laws against monopolies, and cites the fact that the Standard Oil company has forfeited its right by going into the Standard Oil trust of New York and receiving trust certificates in lieu of its former shares of stock.

The laws of Ohio provide explicitly that a majority of the members of the board of directors of all companies incorporated under the laws of Ohio shall be residents of the state. The petition sets forth that the Standard Oil company has surrendered its rights for control and management by resignation to the nine trustees of the Standard Oil trust, and that none of these trustees live in Ohio.

It sets forth that President Rockafeller gets $30,000 per year and that the nine trustees get $25,000 each. The petition sets forth other violations of Ohio laws, but the principal point is the fact that its board of directors are non-residents.

LIVED A DOUBLE LIFE.

A Y. M. C. A. Member Killed While Committing a Burglary.

Henry Kunolt, of St. Louis, Mo., a devout member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a prominent leader of St. Matthew's Evangelical church, was instantly killed while engaged in an attempt to rob the house of George Stalkman, a carpenter, living in the western suburbs of the city.

Kunolt led a double life. He was a harness-maker and had an establishment of his own, but failed recently and was given odd jobs around Stalkman's house. Kunolt married last December. Early yesterday morning Stalkman heard a noise in his back yard. He took his shotgun and secreting himself watched the burglars at work.

They became alarmed at something and turned to run, when the carpenter deliberately raised the gun and shot one of them in the head. The burglar fell dead. Stalkman was greatly surprised when he found he had killed his old employe. Kunolt was not only a member of St. Matthew's church, but was also a director of the Y. M. C. A. connected with it.

THE WAR GOES ON.

Saloons Thriving in Iowa Under the Package Decision.

The saloon question took a new turn in Sioux City, Iowa, on May 12, when the Law and Order league, in the services of which organization the Rev. George C. Haddock died, caused warrants to be issued against thirty saloonkeepers and the owners of buildings in which the saloons are located asking for injunctions against both proprietors and owners.

The action of the League caused much talk. The saloon men hold that they cannot be prevented from selling in original packages, and say they will quit by-the-drink trade and will deal in original packages. The League is in earnest, and there are liable to be lively times during the next few weeks. There are now about 100 saloons in the city.

A Church in Politics.

The first move in the Lutheran church plan to go into politics for the purpose of attacking the compulsory education law was made at Chicago on May 12, when County Commissioner Senne announced himself as a candidate for the state senate.

At the recent meeting of the Lutheran synod at Springfield it was determined to put up candidates for the legislature in certain districts where the Lutheran church is the strongest, pledged to vote for a repeal or a modification of the law. The particular clause aimed at is the one requiring that all the common branches be taught in the English language and this is the one which the church desires to have stricken out.

Mr. Senne said, on May 12, that the Lutherans would try and elect members of the legislature in a number of northern districts, hoping to elect enough members pledged to a modification of the compulsory education law to control the balance of power in the legislature and force their point. The Lutherans are almost all Republicans, but in this they expect the aid of the German Catholics, who are largely Democrats, and between the two forces, it is thought half a dozen districts can be carried.

THE IOWA DECISION.

Governor St. John Thinks the Ruling Was Infamous.

Governor St. John, who is spending a few days in Chicago, in speaking of the recent Supreme court decision regarding the Iowa prohibitory legislation, characterized it as the twin brother to the Dred Scott decision. Continuing, he said:

"The recent decision of the Supreme court of the United States, to the effect that intoxicating liquors bought in one state can be lawfully sold in another in original packages, notwithstanding such state prohibits such sale, is the most unreasonable, unjust, outrageous, and we will even say infamous, that has ever disgraced any judicial tribunal.

"This decision sustains the monstrous doctrine that the low, vile and vicious classes, without let or hindrance, may invade a state with intoxicating liquors, and there sell them in 'original packages,' and thus debauch manhood and destroy the peace and happiness of homes—yea, even immortal souls—under the authority of what is known as 'interstate commerce laws,' and that the people of such state have no lawful means of protecting themselves against such outrages."

"Do you question the correctness of the decision?"

"Surely it was never intended by the framers of our federal constitution that Congress should have power to pass laws which would deprive a state of the right to protect itself against any evil, the tendency of which was to brutalize and demoralize its people. It seems to us that, instead of the decision of the Supreme court of Iowa being in conflict with the interstate commerce laws, the original package decision, which reverses Iowa's court, is in direct conflict with the federal constitution, for that instrument declares that the object of civil government is to promote the general welfare of the people, hence any act of Congress or decision of any court, upholding, protecting or defending that which hundreds of years of sad experience has taught the people destroys their welfare, is so clearly opposed to the fundamental principles upon which our government is based that the original package decision must necessarily be a surprise to every intelligent citizen who loves his home better than his party."

"What do you think the popular opinion about it is?"

"The decision was received with cheers in every distillery, brewery, saloon, beer garden and bawdy house in the land. By comparison, it will make the Dred Scott decision eminently respectable. According to this decision, all license laws, all prohibitory and other state laws, regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, are powerless to reach such as are brought from another state and sold in original packages. If Congress has the power to thus protect the liquor traffic it has the power to suppress it, and should exercise that power promptly and effectually."

THE LONGUE POINTE FIRE.

Something Over 100 Insane Persons Buried to Death.

The fire of May 6 at the Longue, Pointe, Canada, insane asylum is seen to have been even more horrible than at first reported. The sights one witnessed before this tragic scene are such as can never be forgotten. Taking it all in all, nothing could exceed the horror attending this terrible calamity, considering the number of the victims, the terrible nature of their death, and the manner in which the helpless victims received their fate.

What to the spectators was a scene of horror was to the lunatics a moment of supreme glee, and in their delight they dispersed themselves in the flames and waved their blazing limbs in turbulent satisfaction at the ruin that was about them, and not until the walls tumbled over their heads were their maniacal screams silenced.

There were incarcerated in Longue Pointe 1,300 lunatics, for that asylum was a prison more than a hospital, and now not more than 1,100 are accounted for, but many escaped into the fields and woods and there are ashes amongst ashes. Taking into consideration the whole of the evidence from the firemen, half-sane inmates, the sisters in charge, by-standers and personal observation, it is a conservative estimate to say that a hundred victims met their death, though some assert that the number is double that stated.

Another Asylum Horror.

The Chenango county poorhouse and insane asylum, located at Preston, near Utica, N. Y., were entirely consumed on the night of May 7. The fire was discovered, about 11 o'clock in the north wing of the poorhouse building, where the idiots were kept. There were no provisions for extinguishing the flames.

The keepers and neighbors gave their attention to getting out the 125 paupers and insane and let the building burn. Sheriff Kinney swore in a large number of deputies, and began searching for missing paupers. The number of dead may possibly reach thirteen, but from the state of the ruins it is impossible to state exactly. The most careful count of the superintendent does not show that more than thirteen were burned.

A SHIPWRECK.

The Survivors Butchered by the Natives of a Pacific Island.

News was received at San Francisco on May 11 by the steamer Zealandia, that in a great storm on March 4, the schooner Eliza Mary was driven on the reefs at Mallicolo, in the New Hebrides. It was impossible to see anything through the blinding rain till just before the ship struck.

There were on board at the time a crew of eighteen, two passengers, forty-four recruits and fifteen returning laborers, making a total of 79. The first boat which was lowered was manned by four white men and several of the black crew.

The boat was dashed to pieces while going on shore, and the four white men drowned. Those who remained on board the ship were saved. Several of the recruits swam for the shore, and were either drowned or killed after landing. One boy had to fight his way from shore to the mission station, distant ten miles. He, with twenty of his companions, went, with some natives, to a village near the coast. They were given food, but, while eating, the savages set upon them and began tomahawking the castaways. The boy ran and escaped. In all four white men and 47 blacks were lost.

IRON AND STEEL.

The Report of a Big Association Made Public.

The statistical report of the American Iron and Steel association for 1889 has just made its appearance. It shows that 1889 was a prosperous year for iron and steel manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic, and that the world's production of pig iron and steel in that year was much larger than in any preceding year.

The present year has opened favorably, however, for the iron and steel industries of the United States, Great Britain and some other countries, so far as prices are concerned, but consumption of iron and steel is still very active. The report contains tables showing the production of iron ore, coal, pig iron and steel by all countries, from which it appears that the United States now produces 26 per cent of all the iron ore that is mined and 30 per cent of all the coal and 30 per cent of all the pig iron and 32 per cent of all the steel that is manufactured. The world's annual production of iron ore is placed at 53,289,000 tons; of coal, 462,000,000 tons; of pig iron, 24,089,000 tons; of steel, 10,513,000 tons. The world's production of pig iron has increased 76 per cent since 1878, and its production of steel has increased in the same period 248 per cent. the figures for 1878 being respectively 14,117,000 tons and 3,021,000 tons.

LIME WILL COME DOWN.

Fifty Cents a Barrel the Probable Cost in the East.

For three years the Maine lime producers of Thomaston, Rockport and Rockland districts have had a combination to maintain prices. The combination expired by limitation on May 9. When it was formed 90 cents a barrel was the price of lime and the price has been steadily maintained.

The increased consumption of lime from the provinces, the uncertainty as to probable legislation increasing the duty on lime and the doubt of getting all the Maine producers again into a combination or of holding them up to combination prices, should they join, has determined the discontinuance of the combine and it is expected that the price will now drop to 50 cents.

CLEVELAND'S VIEWS.

He Writes a Letter Concerning the Farmers' Alliance.

Grover Cleveland, in answer to a request from J. A. Hill, for his views on the declaration of principles of the Farmers' Alliance, has written as follows:

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter, accompanied by a copy of the declaration of principles of the Farmers' Alliance. I see nothing in this declaration that cannot be fully endorsed by any man who loves his country; who believes that the object of our government should be the freedom, prosperity and happiness of all our people, and who believes that justice and fairness to all are necessary conditions to its useful administration.

It has always seemed to me that the farmers of the country are especially interested in an equitable adjustment of our tariff system. The indifference they have shown to the question, and the ease with which they have been led away from a sober consideration of their needs and their rights as related to this subject, have excited my surprise.

Struggling as they may, our farmers must come to be purchasers and consumers of numberless things enhanced in cost by tariff regulations. Surely they have the right to insist that this cost shall not be increased for the purpose of collecting unnecessary revenue, or to give undue advantage to domestic manufactures. The plea that infant industries need the protection which impoverishes the farmer and consumer is, in view of our national advantages and the skill and ingenuity of our people, a hollow pretext.

Struggle as they may, our farmers cannot escape the conditions which fix the price of what they produce, and according to the rates which prevail in foreign markets flooded with the competition of countries enjoying a freer exchange of labor than we. The plausible presentation of the blessings of a home market should not deceive our pressed and impoverished agriculturists. There is no market for them which does not take its instructions from the seaboard; and the seaboard transmits the word of the foreign markets.

Because my conviction that there should be a modification of our tariff laws arose principally from an appreciation of the wants of the vast army of consumers, comprising our farmers, our artisans and our workingmen, and because their condition has led me to protest against present impositions, I am especially glad to see those sections of my fellow-countrymen arousing themselves to the importance of tariff reform. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Democrats in Randall's District Nominate a Free Trader.

Hon. Richard Vaux was nominated for congress by the Third district Democratic convention of Philadelphia on May 12, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel J. Randall.

The special election in the Third district will be held on May 20. Richard Vaux was born in Philadelphia in 1816, and was admitted to the bar when 20 years of age. During President Van Buren's administration he acted as secretary of the American legation at London.

He was elected mayor of Philadelphia on the Democratic ticket in 1856 and served one term. He has always been a starwalt Democrat and is popularly known as the "Bourbon of Bourbons." Before coming to a vote for a candidate, the convention adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the great and varied industries of Philadelphia and the maintainance of compensating wages for labor absolutely demand tariff reform that will give our industries free raw materials, greatly reduce the cost of the chief necessaries of life, and overthrow all trusts and combines which certainly oppress the masses. Both parties have solemnly promised the people tariff revision and revenue reduction, and we demand that the pledge shall be kept by Congress by free raw materials for industries, the removal of all needless taxes on the necessaries of life and the reduction of all tariff taxes which have bred and fostered monopoly combines.

THE STORM.

Akron, Ohio, and Other Places Suffer From the Elements.

A heavy wind storm struck Akron, Ohio, on Saturday evening, May 10. It moved, in almost a straight line, through a well settled part of the city, and scarcely a foot of the mile-and-a-half but is strewn with splintered house timbers, broken furniture, uprooted trees, and leveled barns and outhouses. In a trip over the storm's path nineteen dwellings were counted that were either ripped into kindling wood, or so badly wrecked that they cannot be occupied. About 75 persons, in all, are out of house and home and are being sheltered by friends. Nobody was fatally injured.

At Franklin, Pa., the storm was general throughout the county and much damage was done, although no life was lost. At Oil City, Pa., a cloud-burst occurred Saturday night. In that vicinity Mr. and Mrs. Noah Jackson were killed in the ruins of their home and a large section of railroad track was washed away.

Cedar Valley, Kansas, Frankfort, Ind., various parts of Louisiana and Missouri were also visited, and while much property was destroyed in the path of the storm the loss of human life was light.

THE FIGHT IS WARM.

Either Carlisle or McCreary Will Succeed Senator Beck.

The solemn rites of burial for Kentucky's dead Senator were not ended when the hot contest for the succession began. Hon. John G. Carlisle, who attended the remains as a member of the Kentucky delegation in Congress, while he kept closely to his room at Lexington on the 8th had many callers, and he openly announced that he was a candidate.

The list of candidates now contains the names of John G. Carlisle, Ex-Governor J. B. McCreary, Judge Wm. Lindsay, Judge Willis Reeves, Ex-Congressman W. J. Stone, Governor Buckner and Ex-Gov. Proctor Knott. The general opinion is that the contest will be a long one, although it is conceded that Carlisle and McCreary will lead the list.

DR. DOUGLASS DYING.

Grant's Physician Poverty-Stricken and in a Hospital.

Dr. J. H. Douglass, who attended General Grant during his last illness, and gave up his practice in New York, to stay at Mount McGregor in constant watch over the dying general, is now lying in the Protestant hospital in Few York, stricken with paralysis and in poverty. Dr. Douglass, who is 66 years old, lost his own health at the bedside of General Grant. When his patient died, Dr. Douglass returned to New York, completely broken down. The story of Dr. Douglass's fall is a remarkably sad one, and it is expected that charitable people will put the family out of immediate trouble.

Yan Phou Lee Agrees to Let His Wife Secure a Divorce.

Yan Phou Lee, the Chinaman who graduated from Yale quite famous as a writer for the big magazines on Chinese subjects, is as anxious to be freed from the bonds of matrimony as his pretty white wife appears to be. Lee's wife was Miss Elizabeth Maud Jerome, of New Haven, who had a fortune of $65,000. Lee had nothing save his education and natural shrewdness. His wife charges him with infidelity. Lee says that he shall let his wife get the divorce she is suing for. He says there was too much mother-in-law about his home to suit him.

The Pennsylvania's Gift.

The Pennsylvania Railway company has contributed a large sum, said to be $275,000, to the World's Fair committee of Chicago. The vouchers for the amount were made out at the general office of the company in Pittsburg on May 8, and the World's Fair committee notified that the money could be drawn upon at any time.

Grover Will Go West.

There is no longerany doubt that ex-President Cleveland will attend the Garfield memorial dedication in Cleveland on May 30. When waited upon by the committee Mr. Cleveland said that if he made a western trip he had been contemplating for some time, he would arrange to be in that city on the day named.

A Gift From the South.

There has arrived in San Francisco for the United States flagship Charleston a handsome silver punch bowl lined with gold, with the compliments of the citizens of Charleston, S. C., after which city the vessel was named. The gift bears the arms of the city and state with appropriate inscription.

South Dakota Republicans.

The South Dakota State central committee has appointed the Republican convention for the nomination of a state ticket in Mitchell, on August 27.

STEP BY STEP.

Another Decision Rendered in Favor of the Whisky Seller.

Judge Crozier, of the first judicial district of Kansas, has rendered a decision declaring part of the state prohibitory law to be unconstitutional. The decision was rendered in a case where the assistant attorney general of the state for Leavenworth summoned Street Commissioner Ryan and others before him to give information under oath as to violations of the prohibitary law.

Ryan and the others refused to give any information, and the assistant attorney general had them committed to jail for contempt. Habeas corpus proceedings to secure their release were begun before Judge Crozier who handed down a lengthy decision ordering their discharge from custody.

In the decision the judge pronounces unconstitutional the provision of the law conferring power upon the attorney general and his assistants to summon persons before them to testify as to violations of law, so they can issue an indictment against the persons so informed on, as it is an attempt to confer judicial power upon a prosecuting officer. The decision gives great comfort to liquor men and re-submissionists here who are preparing to make a determined fight this fall for the repeal of the prohibitory law.

PLAYING A BLUFF.

English Free Traders Talk on the World's Fair.

During the session of the House of Commons on May 10, Mr. Jesse Collings Liberal Unionist, asked whether the government would take any steps to encourage British manufacturers to send exhibits to the World's Fair at Chicago if the McKinley tariff bill, now before the American Congress, should become a law, in view of the fact that the bill practically prohibits the importation of British goods into the United States.

The right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, said that the question of official participation in the proposed fair could only be determined after consideration of the advantages which would accrue to British interests when an invitation to take part in the exhibition was received from the American government. It is probable, he said, that the manufacturers of Great Britain would, to a great extent, be deterred from sending exhibits to the fair if the tariff precluded profitable sales in America.

HON. C. F. CLARKSON.

Father of an Assistant Postmaster-General Dead.

The Hon. C. F. Clarkson, father of Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson and R. P. Clarkson of the state legislature, died at Des Moines, Iowa, on May 7. He had been ill for several months. He was born in Maine in 1810 removed to Indiana in 1820 and lived there until 1855 when he came to Iowa and settled in Grundy county. He was elected to the state Senate in 1863 and has been connected with the newspaper business since his 17th year. For the last twenty years he has been agricultural editor of the *State Register*.

WANT TEN ACRES.

California is Early in the Field for Honors.

California is leading all the states in her enthusiasm over world's fair matters. Some time ago her legislature appropriated $1,000,000 for a state exhibit and now, through Governor Waterman, California asks for ten acres of space on which to expend the money. Governor Waterman has telegraped the world's fair committee for the amount of space mentioned, and followed up his previous telegram with a more formal request.

Chinese Rapidly Learning the Ways of the American Man.

The two warring factions of Chinatown, Los Angeles, Cal., came together on May 8, and the result was a riot. One Chinese was killed, one seriously wounded and a white bystander shot in the leg. The trouble was caused by Ah Lung, a member of the Ah Mow faction, brushing against Wong Ki Lung, of the Wong Chee faction.

Wong Ki Lung drew a revolver and shot Ah Lung in the stomach producing death in a short time. This was the signal for a fusillade from all sides, fully 40 shots being fired from the windows and by the Chinese on the streets. The police soon quelled the riot and arrested 150 Chinese who carried revolvers. The Wong Chee society has announced that every prominent member of Ah Mow will be killed.

Michigan Commissioners.

Gov. Luce, of Michigan, on May 12, selected M. H. Lane, of Kalamazoo, president of the Michigan Buggy Co., and ex-Senator C. H. Richmond, of Ann Arbor, as Michigan commissioners to the World's Fair to be held in Chicago in 1892. He also named as alternates George H. Barbour, of Detroit, and Ernest B. Fisher, of the Grand Rapids *Eagle*.

Senator Beck.

Immense crowds of people were at Lexington, Ky., on May 8, to witness the obsequies of Senator Beck. At 12 o'clock the funeral services were held in the church. The services at the cemetery were very brief, being the rendition of the Episcopal burial service.

Won by a Negro.

The annual competition for the Bo